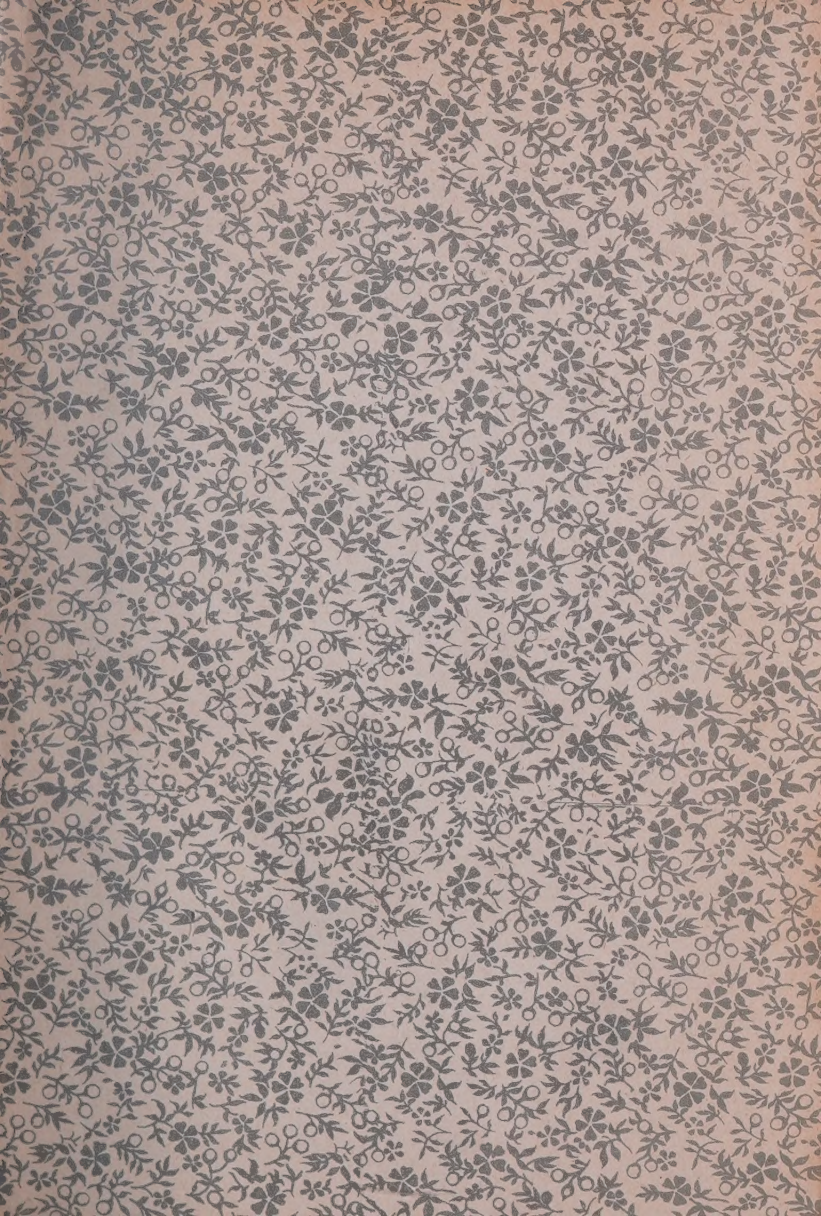


HANDICAPPED

The Life Story of Frederick A. Bisbee





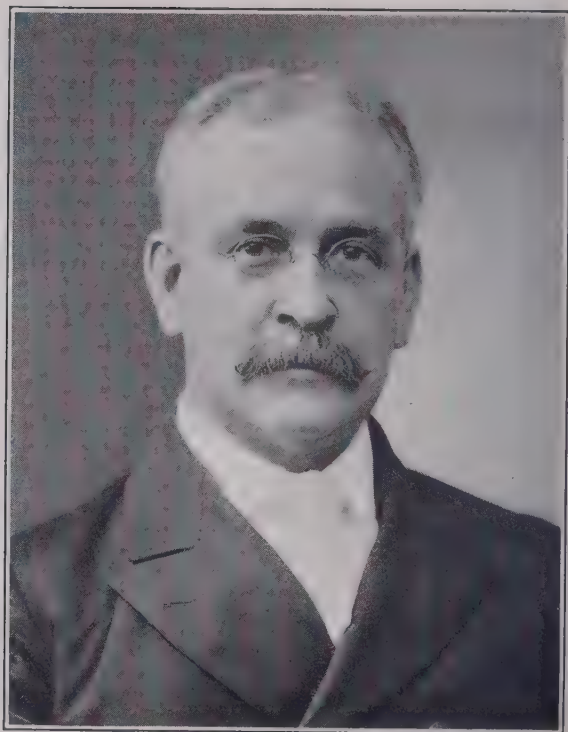
To

Mrs. T.R. Miller

with warmest regards

from

~~Harold~~ Brewster



FREDERICK A. BISBEE

1855-1923

HANDICAPPED

BEING THE LIFE STORY OF
FREDERICK A. BISBEE

BRIEFLY TOLD BY
DOROTHY HALL

WITH THE COLLABORATION OF
FRANK OLIVER HALL



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CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE BOY	1
THE YOUTH	17
THE STUDENT	27
THE CLERGYMAN	41
THE EDITOR	59
AND DEATH CAME	87
THE PHILOSOPHY OF DR. BISBEE	125

THE BOY

"The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day."

FREDERICK ADELBERT BISBEE was born in Coopersville, New York, on February 28, 1855. His father, Hiram A. Bisbee, was the descendant of an English immigrant, Thomas Besbedge, who, with a large family, landed at Scituate, Massachusetts, in 1634. His descendants scattered throughout the Plymouth colony and developed into staunch patriots, twenty-seven of them, it is said, having fought against England in the Revolution. One branch of the family later found its way to western New York, and in Nunda Hiram Bisbee met and married Mary Jane Hand, daughter of a Dutch farmer, and established himself as a miller in the little suburb of Coopersville.

Fred Bisbee's most vivid childhood memories dated from the time when the family

moved to Portage, when he was six years old. There his father's mill was on the Kishaqua Creek, where Fred and his brother fished for beautiful speckled trout. The family lived in a little red house which was built so close under a steep hill that the boys could take a running jump and land on the roof, a place delightfully inaccessible to grown-ups. On this hill was a grove of chestnut trees, and this fact offered Fred an opportunity to make his first financial venture and cultivate the facility for losing money which increased as his life advanced. During the Civil War chestnuts were worth five dollars a bushel, and a little boy, by working very hard, could gather five bushels in one industrious autumn. Fred's father, interested in his son's ambition to become a wealthy member of the community, suggested that he buy sheep with the money and, as the custom was, put them out to some farmer who would take them on a percentage basis, with the expectation that they would double in value in a few years. But the particular farmer to whom Fred entrusted his fortune was a shrewd and impatient business associate who got no thrill out of waiting

for the sheep to "double." He sold them with promptness and efficiency, pocketed the proceeds and went West in a hurry. And the small boy who had diligently gathered chestnuts with so many glamorous day-dreams to enliven the task was filled with chagrin and disappointment.

When Fred was nine years old his father moved the family to Binghamton, where he was to get sixty-five dollars a month in a big flour mill. "We had never in the world expected to be so rich," said Fred, years later. Binghamton endeared itself to the boys almost at once by the excitement of a large fire. They were awakened in the middle of the night by their mother, dressed and sent out to watch for the first time the towering blaze of a burning building. The two small boys immediately became enthusiastic and from then on covered every fire they could reach in Binghamton. And there were many, for a legitimate series of fires so intensified the rivalry between the two hose companies that members of the companies began to set fires themselves so they could start for them even before the alarms rang and thus

win the race. Fred and his brother, Harlow, thought they were of great assistance at these fires. They even attempted to help the men pump the old side-bar handles of the engine, and when Fred grabbed a handle and was flung on the upstroke a distance of several yards, landing with a tremendous bump, he was convinced that his assistance counted for a great deal. The fires made such an impression on the youngsters that Harlow Bisbee built his life around them, joining the fire department as soon as he was old enough, serving thirty-two years, and finally being retired after a period of service as chief engineer of the Binghamton fire department.

Aside from fires, camping was the chief outlet for the adventurous instincts of the Binghamton boys. Many years later Fred Bisbee used to tell how he and a chum went up on a high hill in a deep forest where there was a fine, level place for a camp, and started to build a log cabin against a big, hollow tree with a hole at the bottom for a fireplace. "We had everything we needed except something to cook, so we went home and stole food, and I stole a setting hen off her nest.

We returned to camp and prepared the hen for roasting. Then we discovered that we had made camp three-quarters of a mile from any water, which made it difficult to clean the hen; but we did the best we could and in cooking it we burned it outside and didn't cook it much inside. We didn't enjoy eating it.

"The climax arrived when the local paper came out with a story—'Discovery of Rendezvous of Chicken Thieves.' Some one had run on to the relics of our presence. The article declared that the mysterious disappearance of chickens in the fifth ward was solved by discovery of this camp, where there was evidence of the slaughter of many hens. Then the boys gathered round us in a ring at school and called us chicken thieves, and we continued to be thieves until we licked a few of them to prove our virtue."

Dime novel reading attacked these boys like a contagious disease, and they were filled with a mighty yearning for adventure. Fred Bisbee, looking back at those days, always maintained stoutly that the influence of this particular brand of reading matter on the minds of the young was far more beneficial

than harmful, and he was delighted when "dime novels" came to be recognized as a real factor in the development of American literature. "Our teachers and parents did not so regard them," he wrote once in commenting on this, "which was one reason why nearly all the boys, and sometimes a more progressive girl, went about in companionship with 'The Red Rover of the Plains' while the Rollo books were neglected on their shelves. Our pockets were filled with those fascinating stories, which we held in community interest, trading them back and forth, anticipating by a generation the much-lauded community ideals of the present! We developed double action to our minds, so we could study arithmetic and read a dime novel under the desk at the same time! I fear the novel got the most of the combination, but in some mysterious way we all 'passed' in arithmetic; it must have been by absorption.

"But other things happened. There sprang up an epidemic of desire to slaughter Indians; the boys waded in gore! And out of dreams came action. Several groups in our school organized, and began saving money and col-

lecting arms and making plans to go West and kill Indians! We had no special grouch against the red man, our motive was altogether altruistic—to save the poor settler and his beautiful daughter! Perhaps because our plans were simpler and more practical, another boy and myself, having saved up a little money earned in carrying papers, without revealing our secret even to another boy, or to our best girls, actually made a start on this adventurous journey out into the big world. We had fixed our goal in the state of Illinois, where my companion had an uncle who had a farm somewhere, and that was to be our base from which we were to ray out on our terrible forays against the cruel redskins. The fact that there was not a cruel redskin within hundreds of miles did not phase us in the least. We had not learned to read the foreign language of time-tables and we supposed all trains going west would take us to our destination, so we took the first one headed in that direction, and got by the inquisitive conductor with stories adapted from our reading. The destination of the train was only a little over one hundred miles, and there we had to spend the night in

a small hotel. We took another local in the morning and started again towards the setting sun. By this time a hundred miles began to seem a long way from home, and it occurred to me that I had an uncle in that vicinity who had a farm, and possibly a few Indians to kill. So we got off at a station which I recalled, it being near my own birthplace, and wandered through the fields, though there was a perfectly good road, to my uncle's farm. There my relatives discovered us wandering around and demanded an explanation as to why we were one hundred and fifty miles from home. Our explanations were ingenious if not convincing, and we were greatly relieved when my aunt, knowing the heart of a boy, told us to come into the house, where dinner was ready. After dinner we made a get-away, and fled to the woods, where for several hours we surveyed swamps and rocks and deep forests, but never raised a single Indian, which was fortunate, as we had not yet procured our trusty rifles and scalping knives. But the Indians being so scarce, we decided that next day we would be off again for the deeper wilds of Illinois.

“But the next morning things took a new

turn; there had been some telegraphing going on, and before breakfast was over there appeared the town constable, who said he was ordered to arrest two runaway boys, take from them all money and give them railroad tickets back home. And he did it! My aunt gave us a good lunch, and as there was nothing else to do we went home. On the way we drew up resolutions that if either of us got 'licked' we would start again next day if we had to walk. But there were trials before us of which we never dreamed. The news had spread through the city that the runaway Indian-killers were coming home without a single scalp at their belts, and every schoolboy and most of the girls were at the station to greet us. Years after as a reporter I covered the big incident of General Sherman's arrival at that same station; he had a big reception, but the noise could not compare with the reception of the Indian fighters. Two fathers were there waiting, and they led their wandering sons to a hack in which we were glad to hide from the enthusiastic crowd, and we were soon deposited in our separate homes.

"And then, instead of getting 'licked,' the

subject of our running away was never mentioned in either home for many years, and there we were strung up between being heroes and criminals! We put over the heroic on the boys in school when we could get them to stop guying long enough. But at the headquarters of authority and supplies we suffered intensely because we did *not* get 'licked,' and that ominous shadow has hung over me all these years."

Although Fred never again indulged in an adventure conceived with such magnificent disregard of realities, he continued to regard life with an eye to the opportunities for hazardous enterprise. The river offered a never failing source of excitement to all the boys who lived near it. Fred and his brother experimented with a boat around the mill-dam until they were expert at backing it as close as possible without going over, finally learning to jump the boat head on over the fall. At high water this was no amateurish trick, but took considerable dexterity. The danger was so great that it proved disastrous to other less skilful voyagers. Fishing below the dam one day, the two boys were startled to see a boat come lurch-

ing sideways over the fall and two men plunge into the swirling water. The boys waded in and tried to reach a pole out far enough for the men to seize it, but the current was too strong and the two men were swept away. In consequence Fred experienced one of the great events of his life in being called before the coroner's jury.

But sometimes efforts at life saving were more successful. About that time happened what Dr. Bisbee in later years would speak of as "the only instance of heroism in the course of my history." "We used to skate on the Susquehanna river. The water sometimes fell, leaving a sloping bridge of ice from the banks to the center of the stream and we used to delight in sliding down this on skates. One day a whole section of this sloping ice-field collapsed into the rapidly running water, and one boy was swept down stream. I skated ahead to where ice had formed the next bridge and lay on my stomach while the others held my feet, and as the drowning boy came along I grabbed him. It was not until long afterward that I realized I had saved his life."

Meanwhile Fred had begun to be educated.

In Portage, when he was a very little boy, the family had lived midway between two school-houses and the boys had alternated their attendance. In winter time it was a long cold walk to either, and their mother, fearing the possibility of frozen feet, used to make them run around the house barefooted in the snow every morning before they started, and then pull on stockings and shoes after the circulation had been whipped up by these strenuous measures. As was usual in country schools where the big boys are apt to be fighters, the teachers were men. Fred, according to his own recollection, "was not big enough to fight and was generally on the side of the teacher," probably because his sense of justice was strong and he never cared for any "knock-down and drag-out business." In later years he remembered himself as neither studious nor ambitious. His parents, in fact, used to tell him constantly that he would never amount to anything. He had a cousin who was all that a boy should be, in school and out, and it was understood by all the family that he was to be President of the United States. As time went on, however, Fred Bisbee's conduct improved,

but the cousin failed to fulfil the glowing prophecies, changed the direction of his development, and finally went to jail.

Perhaps one reason why the small boy who didn't amount to much in school came to build his life around books was his early passion for reading anything and everything he could lay his hands on. During the dime novel craze he came across some old books tucked away in a corner, which included several volumes of Scott, and after this diet of real literature his taste became more discriminating. In the public library at Binghamton he found John L. Stevens' books of travels and explorations in Central America, which so fired his imagination that he made a mighty resolve to go there some time, somehow, and see the unbelievable things this man described. There seemed little prospect of carrying out this staunch purpose, but he held grimly to the idea even after he had reached maturity, and got there finally when he was thirty-three.

Fred's interest in books was intensified by a game of cards, something like "Authors," which went under the highly virtuous title of "Presbyterian Euchre." But even this de-

nominal sanction could not make it look harmless to Fred's mother. She was a Methodist, and among Methodists, in those days, playing cards was something that wasn't done. But the Bisbees had some wicked relatives who came from the city on a visit and played Presbyterian Euchre with exceeding great enjoyment. The little boy who looked on learned the names of authors and books by the dozen from these cards. "But mother," said Fred, "couldn't stand Presbyterian Euchre, especially after catching one of the cousins marking a card on the back so she could win. After that we played dominoes and checkers."

From the time he could walk Fred was sent to the Methodist Sunday school, but somehow Methodism didn't cut very deep into his soul. He was puzzled at an early age by such ethical problems as why it was accounted wrong for him to go swimming on Sunday or out on a raft in the creek, while his parents could hitch up the horse and drive out calling without incurring the wrath of God. Perhaps his father and mother sensed his lack of faith, for, a revival taking place in Binghamton, they sent their twelve-year-old son to attend the

meetings in hope that he would "get religion." When the climax of the great revival came Fred and his brother were met at the door of the church and led well forward where they could receive the full force of the tempestuous ardor of the preacher. The whole meeting was concentrated upon those two small but valiant youngsters, who held their ground with grim determination. The minister came to them and pleaded with them to go up into the prayer seat. The elders came and asked them earnestly if they didn't feel a change of heart. But they were totally unregenerate and made up their minds bitterly that if they ever got out they never, never would come inside the doors of that church again. When they did get out they went home to meet the anxious inquiries of their parents with stubborn silence. And they kept to their resolution.

But they did go to other churches. Church-going in itself was not scorned by the youth of those days. So they explored. The Nazarene church offered particular attraction because there was always plenty of racket, the singing was noisier and wilder than even a Methodist could have desired, and all kinds

of extraordinary scenes took place. A crowd of boys were in the habit of attending the Nazarite services to enjoy the fun. But one night the church was so crowded they could not get in, and they followed the suggestion of one of the number who said that he had heard that the Universalist church was just as exciting as the Nazarite. They went there, only to be so disappointed that they did not remain through the service.

This first contact with Universalism was not prophetic of Fred's future career. But a little later he went to a Universalist church again and this time the experiment was more successful. Spending the summer on the farm of an uncle who was a Universalist, he often attended the Sunday service with the others of the family who went, and began to be interested in a religion which seemed so much less contradictory than any form he had hitherto known, and to which he felt he could subscribe and keep his self-respect intact.

So passed the first thirteen years of his life.

THE YOUTH

"What time to tardy consummation brings
Calamity, like to a frosty night
That ripeneth the grain, completes at once."

"IT takes a great deal of adversity to develop most men," Frederick Bisbee said to a friend; he spoke from the depth of his experience, for his own adversity had been very great. The careless, high-spirited, headstrong youngster who pursued Indians and resisted conversion with equal earnestness stood a good chance of following almost any ordinary line of development, but, long before he had reached maturity, adversity took him in hand and he was forced into a battle with pain, frustration and humiliating weakness which was to last all his life.

He was fourteen when, on a visit to the uncle whose solicitude had thwarted the Indian hunt, he was taken suddenly ill with fever. The exact nature of this illness is not known. Dr.

Bisbee himself always supposed it to be simply inflammatory rheumatism, but, as three boys in that neighborhood were taken with the same illness at the same time, it may well have been a form of infantile paralysis. Frederick was the only one of the three to survive, after a long and desperate sickness. He grew enough better in two or three months so that the family thought he might be moved, and arrangements were made for the journey home. Frederick's father was a Mason and all the Masons thereabouts joined in an urgent request to the passenger agent to have the train stop at the little station. It came in with one of the first Pullmans ever used, into which the sick boy was carried on a cot through the freight car.

He came home to a bed arranged for him across the front window of the house, where he could see the mill and the dam, and he lay there for almost two years. The strange illness continued its agonizing course, abscesses formed in the left arm and right hip, the bones began to disintegrate. There being no X-ray facilities the doctors were afraid to operate, but the boy himself finally pulled out a three-inch piece of bone from the shoulder. Caustic

was used to work away the proud flesh. For many months he had to bear the excruciating pain involved in such treatment with the best grit he could muster. But although the methods were crude they were evidently effective, for the shoulder healed completely, leaving the left arm about two inches shorter than the right. This allowed him the complete use of his arm except that it could never be raised more than half way.

As one would expect, he had periods of bitter rebellion. "During the first year," he said later, "I was too effervescent in nature to get despondent, but I used to get mad sometimes." He would have been strangely phlegmatic not to resent his helplessness and to revolt against the grim necessity which held him indoors to watch from the window other boys performing the stunts on the mill-dam he had practised so recklessly. At first, when he thought it might not be long before he could join them, it did not seem unbearable, but the announcement that he might never have the use of his legs and that it might be necessary to have one cut off, kindled in him a spirit of defiance, and he said bitterly, "Uncle Mark and I don't care to

live if we have to be dependent on other people." Years later he remarked with amusement that he could not recall that his favorite young uncle ever said as much, but he had figured this out as Mark's philosophy so he adopted it. A pitiful, valiant little figure, proudly demanding a square deal from life!

Accustomed as he was to activity, the boy was hard put to it at first to amuse himself, but he soon took to reading omnivorously. He discovered that the *New York Ledger* and the *New York Weekly* were running serial stories of the same highly adventurous character as his beloved dime novels, and these proved so stimulating to his imagination that he began making up stories of his own. Thus began his journalistic career. He wrote for several amateur papers under the name of Paraquet, and after writing a story for the *Youth's Monthly* of Philadelphia he became one of the editorial staff. There was also on the staff of that same paper a boy with whom he became quite intimate by correspondence. The boy was Horace Trauble, later friend and biographer of Walt Whitman. Bisbee never met

him until many years later, when Trauble came to hear him preach in Philadelphia.

Frederick's early literary efforts met with considerable commercial success from his point of view. In the course of his writing for the amateur papers he produced a story too long for their rather limited space and advertised it for sale as a serial at the price of one dollar. He received by return mail notice of its acceptance and the amazing sum of three dollars, which so nerved him to further effort that he hastily wrote two other stories in which the West was even wilder and a far greater number of Indians were killed.

From that time on he wrote strenuously for the *Youth's Monthly* and the amateur papers, and conducted puzzle departments for some of them as well. As soon as he could get up and was established in an old kitchen chair, rigged with an ingenious contrivance of casters and steering gear which enabled him to push himself about, he was given a little press and a font of type by a cousin who was a printer. With this he began to print return envelopes, and made enough money to buy more type so he

could print letter heads and thereby make more money to buy more things that he needed in the printing business.

Meanwhile the results of his illness had not proved so calamitous as the doctors had feared and the possibility of being obliged to amputate his leg was no longer considered. The boy adjusted himself with surprising ingenuity to his life as an invalid, keeping himself busy and fairly well contented with his writing and the self-imposed job as printer. He cultivated his literary talents with great seriousness and even had a spell of writing poetry, affecting a mood of gentle melancholy. As a poet he must have indulged in a sort of vicarious retrospect, for his first poem, published in the *Binghamton Leader* when he was sixteen years of age, bore the amazing title, "I'm Seventy To-day."

After tedious months of convalescence Frederick graduated from the wheel-chair to crutches and found himself again able to get about. In eager reaction from the enforced dullness of the last two years he spent much of his time in the town across the river and became, as he described it later, "as nearly wild

as I ever was." His practise in writing stood him in good stead and he became a reporter on the *Binghamton Times*. He did space work and spent his time wandering around the town with his eyes and ears open for anything he could write up. He always remembered with relish his reporting experience. "I was shrewd in those days," he said. "For example, some bones were found where a canal was being dug and we thought they were human bones, so I made a story to that effect. Later they found them to be animal bones, but I let my story go in and the next day I wrote the correction, which made another story, and I was paid for both."

Freed from inaction, the boy made the most of his time and money, spending what he earned as fast as he got it. He worked hard, staying in the town and at the newspaper office until three and four o'clock in the morning, and then walking home. As he was ingenious and clever at writing whatever happened was grist for his mill. One night on his lonely walk back across the river he stumbled on a corpse. After he recovered himself, some way down the road, his

journalistic instinct came to his rescue and he nerved himself to go back and investigate, with a story in view. When he rolled the man over he turned out to be drunk instead of dead, but the story was forthcoming just the same.

All the experience Frederick had at this time made him anxious for an education, but how to meet the necessary expense was a vital question. The mill had burned some time before, so his father had been forced to turn to odd jobs and carpentering. The family finances were hard put to it to withstand the strain of daily needs and college seemed out of the question. It so happened, however, that an uncle, Wells Hand, who was at that time attending the Divinity School at Tufts College, often stopped at the Bisbees' on his way back and forth, and suggested that Frederick return with him. The idea grew and prospered until at last, when the boy was sixteen years old, he started on the next stage of his development.

His reception at the college was not very encouraging, as he was informed frankly, after consultation, that he did not know enough to pass the entrance requirements. But Profes-

sor William G. Tousey, an old friend of the Bisbee family, took the matter in hand and through his intercession arrangements were made by which Bisbee should be allowed to take the course for a year, and if at the end of that time he could pass the examinations he should be regularly admitted. On this basis his college course was begun.

THE STUDENT

"Yet I argue not
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

BISBEE'S entrance into the Divinity School was not actuated by any desire to follow a ministerial career; it was merely the most obvious means to obtain an education, nor was this simple purpose modified until he had been there some time. During the first term he joined the Universalist church in Roxbury, mainly so that he could qualify to draw the \$125 from the Universalist General Convention at the end of the term. When he arrived he had so little available cash that money from some source was an absolute necessity. Influenced gradually, however, by the environment and by hearing other students talk of their ambitions in the ministry and what they hoped to accomplish, he soon began to adapt himself to the idea of serving humanity as a clergyman.

He never "got religion," but came quite naturally and by degrees to the point of adopting the ministry as his career.

The single burden of college study was not easy for this boy to carry, poorly prepared as he was, beset with financial worries and enduring constant pain, but he took upon himself the added weight of many undergraduate interests. In spite of his cheeriness he was extremely sensitive about his very apparent physical limitations, and drove himself to participate in athletic activities that tried his endurance to the utmost. There were some sports in which he could excel, such as rowing, though how he managed this with his crippled shoulder has always puzzled those who knew him. He won a place on the boat crew and would get up very early in the morning, walk two miles to Medford and pull down the river to Charlestown and back again, a distance of eight miles. His acknowledged ability as an oarsman fed his self-respect, but he did not rest satisfied with this. An unquenchable desire to be like other boys impelled him to brave absurdities, and in spite of his limp he competed in a walking race. This meant long, grueling

hours of practise around the "Rez" even before the hard test of the race itself, but he stuck it out and fought through, although "it seemed a long way around the course." What made matters worse was that he did not at this time have a proper shoe, and the walking strained his deformed hip joint and undoubtedly helped bring about his final breakdown.

It is remarkable that his stubborn attempt to ignore his disability did not harshen and embitter his temper, but those who can remember him as a student speak always of his rare sweetness of spirit. Perseverance is a virtue that often involves an ugly concentration of the will. Frederick Bisbee strung himself to a pitch of obstinate tenacity, but he never ceased to be gentle, kind and lovable.

The extent of Bisbee's resources when he arrived at college was fifteen cents and a new suit of clothes, and throughout his four years as a student he was very poor, so poor that he could not afford the crutches which he badly needed, had to borrow an overcoat to attend socials, and used even to walk from Medford into Boston in order to save carfare. Poverty, however, was not regarded as a serious hard-

ship among the students because so many of them had come to take it as a matter of course. Separately and in groups they devised all sorts of ingenious methods of economy. Bisbee joined eight other boys who were equally hard up and together they organized "The Modoc Indians," with the purpose of saving money by cooking their own food. The idea was creditable enough and they did succeed in saving money, but they grew thin doing it. They frequently lived on fish, which, in those days, at the right season, were so plentiful in Alewife Brook that the farmers scooped them out with pitch-forks. Sometimes the boys even had meat roasted at the bakery at Medford; but breakfasts and suppers consisted invariably of oatmeal, which was not only cheap but easy to cook. Bisbee favored this bill of fare, as he earned his membership in the Modocs by being cook and dishwasher, and oatmeal did not overstrain his powers as a culinary artist. Although the students all survived this diet they showed plainly enough the effects of poor nourishment. Mrs. Tousey once met Bisbee by chance on the campus and, noticing how bad he looked, invited him to come to her

house for breakfast for a while. The following weeks, in which he profited by her invitation, were the subject of many savory memories all the rest of his life.

The Modocs existed for two years. Bisbee went home for his second summer's vacation, and his uncle contributed the balance of the money necessary to carry him through the rest of his course. He always spoke with gratitude of this timely assistance, which enabled him to "hang on till he got through." It meant that the financial strain of the last two years was lightened somewhat, and as soon as the young theological student reached the point where he could put theory into practise and do supply preaching, thereby earning a few dollars every Sunday, he felt he could really afford to spend a little money on something besides the absolute necessities of life. For recreation outside the college the boys occasionally attended the theater in Boston. Bisbee and his room-mate, Ellwood Nash, frequently rushed seats in the gallery to hear an opera or to see such actors as Booth and Barrett.

Meanwhile Bisbee had won for himself a

place of popularity and authority in academic life. He was liked by the faculty and admired by the students for his grit and his unassuming courage. They knew he suffered great pain but they never heard him whine, and although he walked with a cane he never spoke of its being hard to get around. They felt instinctively that he was absolutely square, and they soon found by experience that he always stood back of what he said. He went at life with a certain eagerness that infected all who came in touch with him, and he was the center of the group who suggested and carried out new student enterprises with zest and enthusiasm. He was prominent in starting the *Tuftonian*, the college magazine, and was one of the first directors of the college publishing association. These activities interested him particularly, as they gave him an opportunity to utilize his journalistic experience.

The divinity school was somewhat in decline when Bisbee entered. There had been fifteen pupils in the class of '75 but the class of '76 had only one, and the class of '77 had seven, including Bisbee. The other members were H. S. Whitman, Warren Woodbridge, Charles H.

Eaton, Vail, Barnes and Goldsmith. There were only three professors, all of whom were well loved by the boys. Professor Tousey never failed to understand his students, and they came to depend on his ready sympathy and his unfailing kindness. Later, Bisbee said of him: "His large minded humanity made him conspicuous in the life of the college. About once a year he would lead chapel, and that occasion was one of the most extraordinary in the life of a young man, for in reverence of attitude and wisdom of interpretation and felicity of rhetoric no man could ever have equaled him."

Of the other professors he said: "Dr. Leonard was the ecclesiastical type. The whole trend of his nature was towards formalism and ceremonial. He was a genius in the mechanical make-up of sermons and as a homiletic professor he was probably without a peer. He kept at the students until they naturally and irresistibly, whenever they were going to preach or talk, threw their thoughts into certain general divisions: introduction, firstly, secondly and thirdly. He was a sort of father superior among the boys and made an impres-

sion on them that gave form to much of their thinking, not only on theology but on church architecture and parish management. Dean Sawyer, on the other hand, was a very old man who had been a great controversialist in his day and a doctrinal preacher. He had read so widely that he knew something about everything and that was his undoing, because when his students were unprepared they had only to introduce a subject and he would use up the whole period talking and telling stories."

Many years later, in an argument in behalf of denominationalism, Dr. Bisbee related the following incident: "I can recall the great day when the class made its declaration of independence. We had just come from the class room, where we had been discussing the great mission of the Universalist Church and our part in it. Then one of us, I am not saying which one, for in an instant we were all in it, but one of us stood up and, with grandiloquent gesture, said, 'I have pledged my life to a great cause, so great that I can not be and am not confined to any mere sectarian limits. I am going out into the great, needy world, not

to make Universalists, but to make Christians.'

"I remember the hush that followed. Then with one accord we stood with him and, following his leadership, we recited together, 'We are not going out to make Universalists but to make Christians.' It was a thrilling moment, one never to be forgotten. We all seemed to grow in stature as we held our heads high and went forth to walk around the college reservoir. So important did we feel that we shook the very foundations of the old rez with the weight of our footsteps.

"I recall that I was the baby of the class in years and in size, but not one of us was quite so 'chesty' as we rolled along, repeating the slogan, 'Not to make Universalists but to make Christians!' I recall how I said that there was a job big enough to command big men, and I quoted the saying common among the students that 'old Dr. Sawyer had not had a new thought in a quarter of a century'—and we were in a new age when new thinking was necessary—and this was the beginning of the new thought for the new age!

"We came down from the reservoir and ran plump into another professor, who was sympa-

thetic with the boys in their adventures into new fields, and he asked what we were thinking about. I told him, and repeated with pride our slogan, and he said he congratulated us on having the attack of this malignant disease so early and all having it at the same time. Since he had been connected with the school there had never been a class which as a whole or individually had not suffered an attack of this kind. It seemed to be a sort of ecclesiastical measles passing on from one generation to another. 'But cheer up, boys,' he said, 'you will get over it in time and make some good Christian Universalists who will do their stunt in making the world better. Dr. Sawyer may not have had a new thought in a quarter of a century, but some of his old ones will be functioning for good in making Christians before you begin to think!'

Under the instruction of these men Bisbee studied his profession. "All that I can remember of my early theological training," he once said, "was that we each had to conduct chapel services, and I recall my own struggling efforts and my chagrin when I realized afterward that I had been praying not to God but

to the students and members of the faculty." The students went about a great deal to the different churches, attending the services and prayer meetings and seeing the practical demonstration of the theology they were being taught in the class room. One of the churches most popular among the students was that of Dr. Patterson, in Roxbury, in whom the boys found a warm friend and from whose preaching they gained much inspiration. Bisbee was an especial favorite with the Patterson family and even spent some of his vacations with them.

But attending services was at best second-hand experience, and the boys began early in their course to supply vacant pulpits. In fact they "studied the Church Register as carefully as they did their text books" and seized every opportunity to practise their profession and earn a few extra dollars by so doing. Bisbee preached his first sermon at Thanksgiving of his sophomore year in his Uncle Wells' church in Marlboro, N. H. His subject was "Gradual Growth" and his text "First the blade and then the ear and then the full corn in the ear."

By the middle of the next year he was preaching regularly. He learned of a church in Mattapoisett which had held no services for seventeen years, but which had maintained a Sunday school all that time. This long faithfulness appealed to Bisbee and he offered to come and preach for his expenses. His first appearance was so successful that he was urged to supply regularly, but as he did not feel that he had enough sermons of his own to preach every Sunday he agreed to an arrangement by which he was to send some other boy when he could not come himself. Then he tried to write sermons enough to go every other week, a task which, with all his other work, was not easy. He became very enthusiastic about this Mattapoisett church, and cherished it with a tender regard that sometimes obscured his common sense. He was very anxious that the people should have a chance to hear men abler than himself or his classmates, but they were paying him only ten dollars a Sunday and they could not afford to pay more. Bisbee, nothing daunted, discovered a rather naïve solution of the difficulty. He put through a financial arrangement by

which the parish was to pay him only five dollars on the Sunday that Professor Shipman preached and on the preceding Sunday as well, and with the two fives thus saved they were to pay Professor Shipman the extra amount. So pleased was he with this scheme that it never once occurred to him that he was really paying the entire sum himself.

Under his ardent leadership the little Mattapoisett church prospered, grew and was reorganized. It gained many new members. Bisbee felt especially proud to have won an old man of eighty-eight to an acceptance of liberal theology. He finally arranged a number of meetings at which prominent ministers spoke, and with a flourish turned the church over to its first regular pastor, Charles R. Tenney.

The chief things that Bisbee remembered, later on, about his senior year were a high hat and side whiskers. He was feeling very prosperous, as supply preaching was bringing in about ten dollars a Sunday, "enough to live on for a week." His sermons were received with more approval by the congregations to whom he preached than by the professors to

whom he submitted them for criticism. Professor Leonard criticized him severely on his tendency to be poetical, but Bisbee rebelled at this, arguing that he would use the rhythm in his voice any way and he might as well have it in words also. The people who sat in the pews, however, and listened to the earnest exhortations of this young preacher, did not mind at all if what he said sounded like poetry; they knew that they liked him better than most of the other boys because he seemed to understand something of the wear and tear of their daily lives. He did not speak superficially of things he had learned from books, but with the conviction that comes only from experience of hardship and hope, disappointment and determination.

THE CLERGYMAN

"The victory of endurance born."

THROUGH his work as student pastor of the Mattapoisett church Bisbee made the acquaintance of a girl of his own age who was a faithful member of the congregation. Their friendship rapidly developed into something more serious and before long they became engaged. Hannah Bradley's father, a state senator, was not a Universalist, and when he learned of the engagement he wrote to Bisbee saying that he had no objection to his religious views but he did demand high moral character in his son-in-law. Bisbee read this letter to his room-mate, Ellwood Nash, who stormed at what he considered the implied insult, but Bisbee took a more reasonable point of view and argued that it was really a compliment, and gave him a chance to prove himself worth while regardless of creeds. This he did entirely to the satisfaction of Mr. Bradley, and the young people

were married a few months later. Bisbee was established in his first parish, so the young couple started out grandly in a Pullman car on their wedding trip to Niagara Falls and returned just as gloriously in a day coach, completely out of cash.

Bisbee had accepted a pastorate in Spencer, Massachusetts, at a salary of nine hundred dollars a year. He preached there regularly during the spring of his senior year and was ordained and installed immediately after his graduation in June, 1877. He was twenty-one years old and had adopted as his purpose in life the "preaching of common sense in theology and practise." Although in conducting services he was still under the influence of Dean Leonard and persisted in a good deal of formalism, his preaching was unaffected and desperately sincere. His total lack of egotism showed itself in his attitude of diffidence toward God in the matter of prayer. He had come to feel that as prayer is really asking and as asking requires a great deal of wisdom, the only prayer that one who believes in God can conscientiously offer is "Not my will but Thine be done."

The Spencer church had no building of its own when Bisbee first went there, and for five years the services were held in Grand Army Hall, a location which necessitated a long climb of two flights of stairs every time there was a service or a meeting. This exertion was a severe strain on him, but it was the sort of thing to which he subjected himself all through his young manhood without thought of consequences. When his health was fairly good, as it was at this period, he overtaxed his energy recklessly, and when the inevitable time of reckoning came paid the cost without a whimper.

The pastor and his young wife boarded for a while, but settled later in a little house of their own. Mrs. Bisbee was very active in church work, and their lives were full and busy ones, made still fuller and busier in the third year of their marriage by the arrival of a girl baby, Marion.

Meanwhile Mr. Bisbee entered into the life of the community with youthful enthusiasm. He undertook to win the cordial friendship of the other ministers in town, and with their help organized a lecture course which included such

speakers as Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Mary A. Livermore and Josh Billings. This course proved so successful that it became an established annual event. He was elected trustee of the public library, and served as long as he lived in Spencer. He was elected to the school board, but declined to serve as he was then busy building a church. He was a popular candidate for state representative, but withdrew in favor of his rival, "thus," as he said, "avoiding defeat." He entered politics in a temperance campaign and took a leading part trying to clean up the town. The judge whose failure to enforce the law aroused criticism was the head of one of the most prominent families in the Universalist church, but Mr. Bisbee attacked him with great zeal, waging a furious fight with him in the newspapers, and they remained good friends through it all.

Bisbee remained in Spencer six years, got the parish on its feet, helped raise money for a new church and saw it built. At the end of this time his salary was still nine hundred dollars, and he felt that he was ready for a change. He considered five churches and

finally accepted a call to Philadelphia, more because the city and that particular church appealed to him than for any material considerations, as he was offered more money in some other places. His salary was doubled, however, and this was a welcome addition to the family finances.

So in the fall of 1883 he became pastor of the Universalist Church of the Restoration in Philadelphia. The church was historic, having been established more than sixty years before, and had a record of progressive thought and tolerance. Since its establishment it had stood back of every movement for reasonable reform in the city, and this tradition was continued by the new minister, who took the implications of his Universalism very seriously. The Quaker element in Philadelphia was strong and had liberal tendencies, but, of course, the Universalist church could not expect to draw from this group, and the rest of the city was very Orthodox. Mr. Bisbee felt that here was an opportunity to preach a good deal of doctrine, and most of his sermons during his pastorate had a distinct missionary quality. His ministry was in no way spectac-

ular. "The Church of the Restoration was much like the city of Philadelphia, for it kept a steady pace," he said later in referring to his pastorate. The congregation was very loyal, and the work of the parish broadened under his leadership so that in 1892 the church building was entirely rebuilt and modernized in order that it might be of use as a social service center as well as a religious edifice. This was done at an expense of thirty-five thousand dollars. In a historical sketch of the church written in 1895 the author writes as follows: "In its work to-day it is almost an Institutional Church, being open not only for religious services on Sunday, but fostering and supporting Young People's meetings, a fine Gymnasium, classes in English literature, German, stenography, and furnishing free socials and entertainments twice a month to large crowds of the young. Its Flower Mission is one of the oldest as well as one of the most vigorous. Its Ladies' Aid Society does much in the way of charity besides contributing to the support of the many institutions of the Church."

Mr. Bisbee was much distressed by his wife's illness after they moved to Philadelphia. She

was obliged to be away much of the time, on account of her health, sometimes in Binghamton, sometimes in the country, but even with this care she did not grow stronger, and in 1886 she died from a severe attack of intestinal trouble. Her death left Mr. Bisbee unhappy and lonely and burdened with the responsibility of a little, motherless child.

To make matters more difficult the next few years were broken by illnesses of his own. Although the lameness caused by his original illness was due to the destruction of the joint in the right hip, through over-use of the left leg when walking with a cane and as the result of a fall, the left hip finally gave way and became worse than the other. This condition grew so serious that Mr. Bisbee was obliged to go to a hospital again and again. In order to recuperate from these trying illnesses he took several trips South during this period. It was on these first visits to Florida that he conceived the attachment for that state which led him back there later in search for rest. He was so enchanted by the country and its possibilities that he bought three hundred and forty acres of land, by correspondence, in Alachua

county, but it was not exactly a good investment, as there turned out to be eight different claimants for the title. This venture proved to be an almost total loss, which greatly distressed Mr. Bisbee, as he was not prosperous enough to be able to throw money away with a careless gesture. This was, however, his usual luck with investments. Like many other people, he considered himself shrewd in matters of finance, whereas, as a matter of fact, he very rarely made an investment that was successful. He speculated cautiously with mines, rubber and real estate at various periods, and lost all together as much as ten thousand dollars in the course of his life. He always said that he could save money when he had a lot of it but when there wasn't much he felt extravagant. Moreover, although he spent money recklessly when others were ill he fretted continually about financial difficulties when he was the patient. These inconsistencies gave him two entirely incompatible reputations; those who saw him in his extravagant moments considered him generous to a fault, and those who happened to see him

in his intensely economical moods concluded that he was in chronic financial straits.

Just at the time of the loss of the Florida land he suffered another complication of his illness which meant weeks of agony. He spent much time in a private hospital, where his hip was cauterized with hot irons, and all the rest of his life he bore the scars of this gruesome torture. Discouraged with conditions in the church, which just then seemed to be making no visible progress, harried by debts and tormented by pain, he revealed only in such extracts as these from his personal diary the terrible despondency which weighed down his soul in that difficult year:

Monday, Jan. 5, 1891. I went to hear John Coleman Adams preach. He is a great deal older than I and yet looks much younger. Thirteen years ago I was a boy and he a man. Now he is still a man and I an old man. I suppose to make a flame with the little fuel of my ability, I have burned it fast. If I had let it smoulder I might have been a little better off now.

Jan. 7. To-day has been a struggle. My resignation is ready, and then where shall I go?

A poor little lame woman came for help. I know she is imposing on me, but I pity her and I can not help giving, though it's very little money I have and am not likely to have more for some time.

Jan. 16. Another day at my desk. Not satisfactory. Ideas are stubborn, they will not be forced. "True and False Success" I want to illustrate. If we could only have fixed the thought that life is more than these years here all our thinking and doing would be from a different standpoint. But most of us had rather reign in hell than serve in heaven. We like to serve where we love. Could we love God and man then, for all of us, earth would be heaven. In order to serve there must be occasion, and we must all suffer in some degree so as to give others the opportunity of service.

Jan. 18. I get into the church and work away on my sermon and preach it to a "select few." What does preaching amount to? Think of the hundreds of thousands of sermons to-day and what of it? Most of them are echoes of what has gone before for years; people are used to it all and there is no impression, and yet the church has wonderful possibilities for good if we could only work it right. In the evening there is a good congregation because I am going to answer Dr. Hoyt and people flock to hear anything in the

nature of a fight. Reporters are here for the same reason. They do not pursue the preaching of the simple gospel.

Jan. 25. When I gave myself entirely to the ministry without a thought of living I lived well and easily and had more than I wanted. When I began to work outside and try to prepare for future comfort, I lost, lost, lost. Trust is certainly an element in life that, understood or not, is very real.

Jan. 27. I am an impressionist. I form conclusions, feel sure they are right, and when some one asks me why, I am nonplussed and yet I am certain, so I must be judged a fool, a man without reason. Yet some of my impressions are right if I can't tell why, and will do good.

There is more to this diary which will not be quoted. The entries are altogether too intimate. Because every one who came in contact with Dr. Bisbee was impressed with his sunny outlook upon life, his optimism and his unwavering faith, it will be difficult for even his closest friends to believe that despondency had any part in his life or that he lacked faith under the most trying circumstances. As a matter of fact, however, he suffered fre-

quently, as at this time, from periods of depression and almost despair. But the interesting fact is that he did not let this be known. He knew there was trouble enough in the world without his adding to it and "refused to disseminate his own misery." But he had to tell some one about his sorrows, so he told them to himself. If he had an attack of the blues, he took it all out on his defenseless diary and then smilingly went about his business. No one heard him complain. He poured his complaints into the pages of his day book and then sealed the book. He did not intend that these pages should be read by any one but himself. His biographer has read some of them, and is glad, but no one else should read them. It is good to know that he had his periods of great depression because thereby we learn that the strong faith which he came to possess was not a gift but an achievement. His optimism was won by fighting. He "put a cheerful courage on" and wore it like a garment. After a while faith and courage became a habit, and the habit became himself.

Again and again in this diary he refers to Matty Gally, a nurse in the hospital where he

underwent treatment for his hip, as a great source of comfort and courage. This girl's life had been as picturesque and as adventurous as one of the wild-west stories of his own boyhood. When she was a little child her parents, then living in Zanesville, Ohio, had started west in a prairie schooner but had been brought to a halt in Nevada by the loss of their horses. There they were compelled to remain for more than a dozen years, living among the rough mining towns of the Sierra Nevadas and carrying on the education of their children with the little stock of books they had been able to bring with them from Ohio. The interrupted journey was finally completed and in California their sixteen-year-old daughter saw her first schoolhouse and her first church.

Upon the death of her mother Matty Gally came to Boston and entered the Massachusetts General Hospital Training School for Nurses, from which she graduated with honors. Soon afterward she became Night Superintendent of the Old Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia, and it was there that she and Mr. Bisbee became acquainted. Refreshed and encouraged by her self-reliant, vigorous personality,

he soon learned to turn to her for spiritual strength in his hours of despondency, and with her help managed to fight his way back to a more normal frame of mind. In the spring of 1891 they were married in San José, California, where Miss Gally's people were living at the time.

For the remainder of his Philadelphia pastorate life was in many ways less difficult for Mr. Bisbee. The rigorous treatment in the hospital had made it possible for him to be fairly active once more, and under Mrs. Bisbee's devoted and efficient care his health improved. For several years, however, he was obliged to sit down to preach, and later a special stool was made for him so that he could bear his weight on it but appear to be standing. Although he was then, as all through his later life, incapacitated at times by terrible attacks of headache, he had learned to take this as a matter of course.

It was at this time that he was able to put through the plan for the alteration of the church building which he had been pushing for four years. Renovations were made and equipment installed to embody his ideas, and

he observed with satisfaction the beginning of a development toward an institutional church. He was eager to discard cut and dried methods and try new schemes, arranging courses on all sorts of useful subjects, and using a stereopticon for a series of lectures on foreign countries at a time when this was rather a novel proceeding for a minister.

His devotion to the welfare of the church colored every aspect of his life. He and Mrs. Bisbee always insisted on doing their part as members, and they turned back into the church funds as good a proportion of a much needed income as did most of their parishioners. Mr. Bisbee worked hard to improve the financial condition of the church, and so well did he succeed that during his pastorate they burned a fifteen thousand dollar mortgage, which freed the institution from debt. Much of this extra financial assistance was given by a Mr. and Mrs. Partridge, who were not Universalists but helped generously because of their fondness for Mr. Bisbee, who had made his home with them for several years after his first wife's death.

He had his study in the church and was to

be found there at all hours. Because he was so available and because of his readiness to undertake responsibility, all the troubles of the parish were brought to him even more than they are to most ministers. He tackled every problem, from a personal difference among his parishioners to the question of ordering coal, with the same imperturbable cheerfulness. He could always smooth out a tangle that had only served to exasperate everybody else who had attempted it.

He was particularly popular with the young people, partly because of his love of nonsense and partly because they were able to respect his opinions, which were more advanced than those of most of their elders. Under his influence several young men even entered the Universalist ministry.

Mr. and Mrs. Bisbee had a summer cottage at Ocean City and their hospitality was without limit. It seemed as if half the parish could be found there a good part of the time. There was no ceremony and no formality. Guests came and went, enjoyed bathing parties and boating parties, laughed and played and felt entirely at home. Mr. Bisbee acquired a fa-

mous reputation as a swimming teacher, as he was a very strong swimmer in spite of the original trouble with his shoulder, and delighted in giving very strict and splashy lessons to those less talented.

The Bisbee family circle was increased in a few years by the arrival in turn of a boy and a girl, Jack and Eleanor. These two babies added to Mr. Bisbee's general enjoyment of life, and he spent a great deal of time and ingenuity in caring for and entertaining them. When Jack was sick he whistled for him tirelessly because that was all that would seem to quiet him. When Eleanor was sick he undertook the job of feeding her because she much preferred his methods to her mother's. When they were a little older he helped them patiently to make whatever they wanted to for Christmas presents, from tables to embroidery. With the latter he was very adept, having learned it when he was sick as a little boy. He took a very serious and flattering interest in the pets which they accumulated and came home usually with hands and pockets full of long grass picked by the roadside for the guinea pigs.

Meanwhile Mr. Bisbee was becoming well known throughout the denomination. From 1885 to 1898 he served as secretary of the Pennsylvania State Convention, a burden of responsibility which was not easy to carry during the years of his illness. In 1897 he was honored by the degree of S. T. D. from Tufts College.

When he left Philadelphia in 1898 he refused to have any ceremony of leave-taking because he could not bear to say good-by. He conducted his last service as usual and slipped out ahead of the congregation.

THE EDITOR

"For all your days prepare,
And meet them ever alike:
When you are the anvil, bear—
When you are the hammer, strike."

DR. BISBEE'S instinct for editorship had asserted itself while he was still in Philadelphia. Not satisfied to minister simply through the spoken word, he desired a wider hearing for what seemed to him an important message, so he started first of all the publication of a church monthly magazine called *Good News*. This gave him an opportunity to write editorials embodying the optimistic philosophy which he believed in so whole-heartedly. The following extract from one of these editorials is a good example of his ideas as to the way life should be lived:

"What does my life amount to? What have I to contribute to the world? What excuse have I for living? These questions come to us all sometime, and in what despondent tones have come our answers, because we persistently judged

our lives by others: we were not as great as they; we could not give as much as they; we could not speak and act as well as they. How our plaint goes on year after year: If our circumstances were only different; if we were only better situated; if we only had more money, more influence, how much we would do; but because we have so little we are ashamed to do that which we can do. We think the little we can do will amount to nothing. But the Christian law of values determines that life valuable which does what it can, be it much or little. That life is valuable which fills its own place instead of wishing it were in a greater. The man who fills a small place is greater than he who is rattling around in a big one. The pint measure will not hold as much as the quart, but it can be just as full, and its value lies in being full, not in trying to be something else. Life is like a great machine in which we are the wheels. Some of them are great and some of them are small, but the great ones can not go without the small ones, nor the small without the great. That life may run smoothly every wheel must fit, it will not do to hang a small wheel where a large one should be, nor a large one where a small one should be. Each must be exact and then they are geared together and the machinery of life runs smoothly."

Another quotation from this little paper embodies his conception of religion:

“Religion has been a garment that men put on and off like their Sunday clothes. They have gone into the church and proclaimed how much religion has done for them, how happy they have been made and how sure they were of heaven, and gone out into the world and cheated their neighbors, deceived their friends, driven what are called sharp bargains, taken advantage of what are called tricks of the trade. Religion has been to them the number of times they go to church, the number of doctrines they believe, the number of chapters they have read in the Bible, the number of prayers they have said, the number of songs they have sung, the length of their faces and the gloom of their demeanor. They have seemed to think God was only in the church and while they were there they would worship Him, but when outside, like the children out of school, out of sight of teacher, they were determined to have a good time and get the most pleasure out of life possible.

“How many there are who have made religion but a most unseemly scramble for heaven; who have no thought beyond their own personal salvation! The truth which they believe has not become a

part of them. It is held in the hand as a ticket of admission to a future heaven, that they have pictured as a place of oriental magnificence in which they are to dwell as a reward for believing certain mysterious doctrines which they could not or did not try to understand.

“Now the religion of the future, the religion that will save men, is that understanding of the truth of Christ which will produce character, that will cause faithfulness in little things, *acting on principle* in the trifles of life. Religion must come out of the church and enter into life wherever and whatever the life may be. It must come out of Sunday and go into the business of every day. It must become a part of us until we act always in the little things and in the great as Jesus acted, not for the effect, but for principle.

“As long as religion is thought of only as a necessary evil that is to guarantee our entrance into the future world, a sort of heavenly insurance policy, and is confined to the subscription to a creed, the walls of a church and the formal services of worship, just so long will men fail to heed its voice in their daily lives.”

After *Good News* had run for a few years he undertook a more pretentious enterprise

and with Merrick Whitcomb founded *To-day*, a "popular literary, economic and social review." "The purpose of *To-day*," states the first issue, "is to afford interesting and instructive reading; to encourage and develop the production of good literature on the part of our clergy and laity; and to float over our denominational lines in a sound literary medium the fundamental truths that characterize our Church."

The table of contents is varied and interesting, including such subjects as: "A Labor Demonstration in Hyde Park," "The Relation between Rome and the Early Kentish Church," "Among the Lakes of Westmoreland," "Is the Higher Criticism Destructive?" "Peculiar Customs of the Eskimos," "A Woman's Industrial Rights and Wrongs," "Municipal Reform," "British India and Its Schools." At the time of the publication of *To-day* (1894-96) there were few papers or magazines having a religious purpose that were not strictly theological or ecclesiastical, and Dr. Bisbee's intention was to give religious ideas and sentiments a wider application, to

indicate that religion includes the whole of life and that business, politics and pleasure are but phases of it.

To-day proved financially disastrous but its circulation reached nearly every country on the face of the globe, and it undoubtedly did make its contribution through a limited clientele to the enlargement of life. The chief value of its brief existence lay in the fact that it demonstrated Dr. Bisbee's ability as an author and as an editor, so that, when Dr. Charles W. Emerson, who had been for many years editor of the *Universalist Leader*, died, it became evident at once that Dr. Bisbee was the man best fitted to take his place. *To-day* had been consolidated with the *Leader* for two years when, in 1898, Dr. Bisbee resigned his pastorate in Philadelphia and moved to Boston to take up his position as editor of the denominational weekly.

Through the twenty-five years of his editorship there were certain ideas which Dr. Bisbee constantly emphasized. He rebelled continually against the spirit of sectarianism manifested in his own denomination as well as in others. "The warring sects of Christen-

dom" meant nothing to him because he was not at war with any Church of any name. His spirit was always conciliatory and his word was always spoken in behalf of fellowship. But neither could he see the necessity of discarding individuality or breaking up association of individuals who felt and thought alike. He wished to call the various so-called "denominations" of Protestantism "departments," maintaining that if we would drop "denomination" and say "department" we would have an altogether different idea. Let all departments strive to do their especial work well, make their own contribution to the common good, stop antagonizing each other and co-operate against the evil forces that are intent upon destroying individual and society alike. But to try to unite all departments into one would be like trying to get all classes and conditions of people to live under one roof, a sure way to breed bitter antagonisms much worse than "warring sects." What the Universalist Church should do, argued Dr. Bisbee, is to prove its value by the lives of its votaries and the contribution it makes toward the general welfare. We have our own message, our own

method and our own constituency. Let us do our own work in our own way, not in antagonism but in sympathy and co-operation with other Churches which are also doing their work in their way. The best thing we can do is to build a great and numerically strong Church, not for the sake of the Church in itself but for the sake of the influence we can exert through such a powerful organization. Others estimate us by our size and our message. Let us prove that we are worthy of respect and respect will follow.

Another idea which he grew into and which modified the point of view he had held as editor of *To-day*, was this. While he believed that religion meant the whole of life, he did not think that clergymen should undertake to solve every problem under heaven. The clergy and the church had their distinct business, which was not to solve the tariff question, or to work out a solution of the war between capital and labor, but to so influence the characters and motives of men that they would attack and solve the political and social problems in the spirit of brotherhood, fellowship and friendship. For this attitude Dr. Bisbee

was much criticized as a reactionary, but it was a sincere conviction honestly arrived at after years of experience. He was perfectly confident that he himself was not qualified as an expert upon social and political problems and, while he never failed to make up his mind as to what was his duty as a citizen and then do it, he did not use his paper or his pulpit to try to make people Republicans, Democrats or Socialists, but to make them sincere, honest, pure-minded and, above all, kind, and then left them to decide what was best to do in their various spheres.

In this connection Dr. Bisbee once wrote to a fellow minister:

“It may be very narrow, but I am still convinced that the most important institution in the world to-day is the Universalist Church. When you and I and Harriman and Roosevelt and the United States as a nation, have all been forgotten, the Universalist Church will still be right here on the ground continuing its work with immortal souls. I can not think we have any right to divide our forces over such trifling and temporary questions.

“Seriously, I think it is a great mistake to en-

courage some of our little ministers—we have a few such unfortunately—to butt into these questions of the passing hour, preaching from the newspaper instead of from the Bible, giving the poor hungry people who come to them for the bread of life, not even a stone, but mud, mud, mud!”

Dr. Bisbee was editor of the *Leader* during a period when emphasis was placed heavily on environment. Men and women were what their environment made them, ran the trend of argument, as good as circumstances permitted them to be, as bad as circumstances compelled them to be. Dr. Bisbee knew better. He had grappled with his own environment and beaten it. He believed that the man made his environment rather than that the environment made the man. He was an individualist rather than a socialist, and he proposed to reform society, not in wholesale fashion by socializing industry, but by changing the hearts and minds of individuals who make up society. The job of the Church, in his opinion, was to make good men and women, and they in turn would make a good city, a good state, a good nation.

As an editor Dr. Bisbee believed in the efficacy of the short, epigrammatic sentence, and he spent hours working over these and rewording them so that they might express in pungent form the gist of his ideas. Some of these indicate the slant of his mind far better than lengthier quotations could do:

"There are men who tire themselves almost to death looking for an easy place."

"The chief trouble with common sense is that it is so uncommon."

"There are ministers who can't stop a quarrel in the choir who are ready on call to settle the peace treaty."

"He who accepts nothing he can not understand simply attempts to reduce God to his size!"

"No doubt we are going to get something good out of the war, but we are about convinced that there is a better method of approach."

"The world is indebted to the idealists, but not more than the idealists are indebted to the world for a place to stand on."

"That mountain in front of you is made to climb, not to cast a shadow in which you can sleep."

“Pray often to be delivered from the granting of our foolish prayers.”

Soon after Dr. Bisbee came to Boston he took up his residence at Arlington, buying a comfortable old house called “The Milestone,” with an orchard which was his delight. Here he indulged happily in a series of fads for special fruits, and wandered about with pruning shears in hand in friendly communion with the trees, of which he had seventy planted on less than half an acre. Some of these were rare varieties, and he was continually trying experiments in grafting, especially with the apple trees which were his pet project. His hands were exceedingly strong and he could wield a long pruner or apple picker in the highest branches with great skill.

Becoming interested in the town affairs of Arlington, he soon found himself holding a responsible position as chairman of the finance committee. He was also for many years chairman of the school board, and spent a great deal of time and thought on the improvement of the local schools. In addition to these activities he did much preaching all during the

years he was editor of the *Leader*, because he felt that it brought him into direct touch with the churches, enabling him better to produce the journal which they needed. What he did outside of his regular work was a heavy strain upon him, but his unflagging interest in all that was going on carried him through an amount of exertion that seemed impossible.

Dr. Bisbee had a genius for friendship, and acted as a sort of father confessor to dozens of young Universalist ministers who came to him for advice in all their perplexities. He could often help them in very specific troubles, for his influence throughout the denomination with churches and superintendents was very great. No one ever knew his motives to be anything but disinterested and unselfish. He considered the well-being of its pastor of first importance to any church, and was always distressed if a minister felt himself neglected or unfairly treated. He gave himself, his time and energy unstintedly to solve the most complex and delicate human problems, and more than one man would now be out of the ministry but for the right word from Dr. Bisbee at the right time. The letters of encouragement he

wrote at critical periods in the lives of his friends must have been numberless.

It was not always praise that he gave; he could point out faults with unerring and disconcerting accuracy, although always with a kindly gesture. "You can count on me in every way," he wrote one friend, "to stand back of you with a club in my hands and love in my heart!" In fact, his fault-finding was a sure indication of his affection; those whom he did not like, who had revolted him by dishonesty or disloyalty, he left alone. "Let me see," he said to a certain man, "I've been finding fault with you, off and on, for a matter of twenty years, haven't I? Well, that ought to prove that I'm rather fond of you, and hopeful. I can bear fools gladly, but not for long—not for twenty years."

Perhaps it was the very fact that his own sense of balance and proportion seldom deserted him that enabled him to be so tolerant of those who had not yet learned to curb their impetuosity. To a young man just dismissed from a promising parish after a glorious row, he wrote:

"I shall know whether to praise or scold you when I see you and know all the facts. You may be a martyr, and you may be what Levi Powers calls the garden variety of the genus D. F. I doubt this second enough to promise that we shall find something for you if you will come here.

"The church can not tolerate the liquor traffic. But there are ways—and ways. It looks rash, from this distance, to try to decapitate the mayor, the police department, the district attorney and a variety of law breakers with one fell swoop. Next time you may conclude to pick them off one at a time.

"The best of it is that you are still alive,—and will learn much before you die."

His own standard of duty and obligation was a very strict one and he had a way of expecting the observance of similar high standards from others. To one minister who he thought had been neglecting his parish because of apparent domestic obligations, he wrote:

"Of course your first personal duty is to your wife, but you must recognize that it is not a kindness to her to give time that belongs to some one

else on whom you must depend to sustain her. We ministers and our wives are *one* in this life-work, which from beginning to end is and must be sacrifice. But that is its glory; we can succeed only as the Master did, by giving up our lives for others. I love my home and my wife, but I do not have four Sundays a year with them, and have had only ten days vacation in nine years, and am away from home every day in the week. My wife wants me and needs me, but we recognize the demand upon us and make the sacrifice. She makes hers sweetly and cheerfully, and hers is more than mine, for I am out in the busy world while she does her part alone with splendid heroism. Heaven's blessings upon the true minister's wife who thus does the largest share of the work by making it possible for the minister to do his full duty."

He never let any one off because he shied at the prospect of hard work. "There are some things better than money," he once wrote. "There are some things better than health and ambition and so-called success. There are some things better than life itself. Five years in such a place might kill you, but what of it if you have done a life work? I have heard of a man who lived only thirty-three years, and

whose active ministry was for only three years, and then he died—but arose again and has been living and growing ever since.” All he demanded of any one was that he use what abilities he had to the uttermost, but that he did ask insistently. To a man who spoke to him of a certain opportunity as “an adventure before which any man must hesitate” he said sternly: “But I wanted you to venture, I wanted you to lead. My criticism of you is that you have not made enough mistakes: you have been too cautious, too careful.”

Oftentimes he was consulted by some Universalist minister who was considering making the change to another denomination, and in such a contingency he was always severe in his demand for motives of unqualified sincerity. To one such man he wrote:

“I have to confess that from my point of view it does not appear that you have bettered your prospects or secured anything more than an æsthetic gratification. Convictions have always meant much to me, so much that I can not endure even an apparent disloyalty to them. I do not fancy you have changed your fundamental beliefs in the change of your relationship, but I can

not conceive of holding such convictions even though they are 'allowed' in the new relation, where they must be held in silence or rebellion to the established standards.

"I am sorry you could not appreciate the heroic service and opportunity of your old Church; that the Christian nobility of her service, though rendered in homespun, did not appeal to you, and I trust that the years may reveal to you and others the debt the world owes to Universalism, and the Universalists who, following the Master, have sacrificed their comfort, their ambitions, their tastes, their well-being, oftentimes the lives they would have lived, to make freedom and truth possible for you."

And to another:

"I can see how there are discouraging things in our Church to one of your temperament; there are discouraging things to me. But that is the reason why I stay in it; there is something for me to do; perhaps I can not stem the current, but I can keep pulling. That is my part."

His attitude toward the unhappiness of others was one of the utmost sympathy and understanding, although he was a firm believer in the efficacy of adversity. "The only

man to be sorry for is the man who is never sorry," he once said. "But he must do his grieving in private, for the world is irritated by the whiners, and lays itself out to give them something to cry about. There is a time to sympathize, and there is a time to respect noble sorrow, but there is also a time to point out the advantage that may be to those who are acquainted with grief and its occasion." This attitude he expressed in a tender letter of sympathy to a friend who was passing through a time of very bitter grief:

"God must love you very much and have unlimited confidence in you or He would never bless you with such divine opportunity of sorrow. Our Christianity is not to remove all suffering from our path, but to teach us its meaning and show us how to use it. You have been getting your full share. Our tendency is to say you are getting more, but just think how God must rank you when He gives you such a commission; to show to the world what your religion can do in time of need. Blessed are you among men as you interpret the crucifixion in your own life."

Much of Dr. Bisbee's correspondence was of a purely nonsensical variety and, naturally

enough, has not been preserved. Fishing was his favorite recreation and he wrote many a letter to other enthusiasts recalling past exploits or laying plans for new ones. He curbed his fishing propensities with a firm hand and resisted temptation many a time, as when he wrote:

“Get thee behind me, Satan! Here am I all tangled up in work I can’t possibly run away from for weeks to come, and you plague me with visions of a cat-boat and Buzzards Bay. But I forgive you—almost—and thank you for the invitation. When I get to Heaven, early callers will see this placard on the front door of my mansion in the skies: ‘Gone fishing. Back in about a hundred years.’”

But sometimes it was possible to run away and then anticipation ran high:

“Frank Hall and I will be down Wednesday. I think we take the barge about ten-thirty. Don’t bother to come to the train. If you are properly dressed to go fishing you won’t be fit to meet us, and if you are all fixed up we won’t be fit to meet you, because we don’t mean to lose any time before baiting our hooks. You may need

your good clothes for your funeral. We have decided, in case you bring another book on board the boat, to end your misspent existence by throwing you into the bay. We shall take no risks with a man crazy enough to read books on a day off, and the fishing good."

During all these years Dr. Bisbee was tried, sometimes almost beyond endurance, by protracted periods of bad health. Even at the best he suffered with severe headaches, seldom more than three weeks apart and lasting twenty-four hours or more, which confined him to his bed while they lasted. He was at one time very ill with pneumonia, from which he recovered rapidly, but some time afterward he fainted in the street while making a church call, and it was discovered upon examination that he had ulcers in the intestines. There were nine doctors in consultation on the case, only one of whom gave him any chance of recovery. But the old fighting spirit rallied, and under Mrs. Bisbee's desperately tender care the impossible was again achieved and the long hill of convalescence climbed step by step. He was finally taken to Provincetown in an invalid car, and later moved farther up the

cape to a lake where he might enjoy his fishing. A summer there made him seem nearly well, but the doctors promised only a year or two at best for him to live. That fall (1908) to recuperate he went with his son to England, where he had a sharp relapse and was ordered by London surgeons to have an immediate operation. He determined, however, to reach home, and by living on buttermilk for nearly two weeks he arrived able to walk down the gangplank.

About 1912 Dr. Joel E. Goldthwaite of Boston devised a stiff elastic support and after almost a lifetime on crutches he abandoned them for a cane. This allowed him to use his hands more freely, but the elastic support could not, of course, be wholly comfortable. In 1920 at the Mayo clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, X-rays showed that he had no hip joints, the bones having slipped past the socket in both hips until he was supported only by a tremendously strong hammock of muscle. By then walking was growing more difficult, but his shoulders would not stand the strain of crutches again, so his activity became more and more limited.

His work continued as usual, although he was obliged to give up preaching trips or anything which involved much travel. The trip back and forth from Arlington to the editorial offices was about as difficult a journey as he could undertake. All the time he was surrounded and encouraged by his wife's vigilant care and sustained by her tireless energy. But the time came when even this source of strength was to be taken from him. For two years Mrs. Bisbee fought against an illness which weakened her and sapped her strength, struggling to keep up because Dr. Bisbee needed her. But desire and will power were not enough, and in August of 1921 she died at the "Milestone." A few weeks later Dr. Bisbee published in the *Leader* this tribute to the comrade who walked beside him through so many years:

AND DEATH CAME

With gentleness he took her hand and led her away, and she was not afraid.

In the days of health and sanity and happiness we had talked it all over together, saying: We

will face the facts which are there just beyond the veil of the future, not only of the distant future, but the to-morrow. We know not what a day may bring forth, but we know that each day is full of shadow and sunshine, life and death, and the law that determines events is higher than our comprehension; we just know the fact that in this life death is an ineradicable factor. So we said to each other, Let us face the fact.

Death comes to us all sooner or later; it is the choosing that seems so strange to us. Those who are most needed, according to our calculation, those who are filling a place and serving other lives, are called away, while those who are of no use to anybody, as we see it, still remain to cumber the earth. Little baby lives standing with tottering steps on the threshold of life are swept away, while the aged remain yet longer in wearisome struggle; but ultimately all die, rich and poor, wise and foolish, sinner and saint, our friends and other people's friends; after birth, the one universal fact is death.

And then she said: "What of it? What is there to be afraid of? A fact so universal in a universe of benevolent law, and in the embrace and purpose of a universal and loving parenthood, can not be bad in the ultimate, and if we but knew enough to see, there is good all along the way."

But it hurts to have our loved ones go, and with all others we are trying to avoid, or at least to postpone, this inevitable event. In the presence of death the judgment is suspended, the weak become hysterical and the strong are broken; and as we talked it seemed to us that this was wrong, it was all abnormal. Death is no more strange than birth, no more inexplicable, and in a unified universe it should slip into gear with all other parts. Sometimes there is pain in the adjustment and readjustment, and we overlook the new values and fight for what has been. Sometimes the human stay of others is pulled away and death brings catastrophe to lives. Sometimes there are tortures of pain of body and twisting of minds, and one goes forth through torture into death. And then there are left the sorrowing who suffer infinite loneliness, and the pain rays out through multitudes of hearts and unnumbered years.

"And yet," she said, "I hold that death is as good as birth, only we do not understand it."

"But," I said, "we can not understand when our eyes are blinded with tears; even when the light of love shines through them and turns them into rainbows of hope, there is the shadow of loneliness which comes after."

"Let us be honest with ourselves and face the fact," she said. "Death comes into other homes,

and takes other children, why not ours? Why should we be immune to the universal? Our children are going to die just as others do; one of us will die before the other. Why not? And why be afraid! Why be resentful, when the great faith which we hold measures life in eternities and not in years! And we are to set life by the standard of love and happiness which have been ours,—not by the loss which is. Think in terms of gratitude, not in terms of sorrow; of hope, not of loss. We shall be parted, but not for long; in fact not at all if we live in the clear atmosphere of our faith. Death is but an incident in our unbroken life; why not look at it and smile, perhaps through our tears, but smile?"

And then came death. It was not as we expected it, nor when; according to all physical logic, I should have gone first. But with that strange, sublime judgment she was chosen, and she must away without fear out into the Known of God, and Known of her, for she knew God. And I sit here rich in memories and confident in hope.

I recall the unceasing procession of her ministry of service to others, especially her joy in setting the minds and hearts of youth along the way to health and happiness. Especially the companionship in all that is best and noblest in life,

when we were guided by integrity to truth, faithfulness to beliefs which had been tested, and through open doors to the inexhaustible resources of new and larger truth. And my hope is stimulated to certainty, as I think, as we thought, that there are not two lives, but one, one life here and there; and she has just gone away, into another room of the same big house of God.

Of course there are the sad but sweet hours of loneliness; of course there are problems many and questions more, but this was her message to me:—Why be afraid? The great love which sent us here will receive us there, in some way—not the way we expect perhaps, but in the best way. And the duty of the living to the dead is to continue the joy and glory and gladness of living, and what comes after will bring no heart-strain to the children of God.

This loss did much to crush Dr. Bisbee's joy of living, but he kept patiently on, enduring what hardships he had to bear in loneliness, waiting for the end.

The next two winters he spent in Miami and from his bungalow there wrote the series of "Front Porch Studies," published both in the *Leader* and the Miami paper, which endeared him to so many readers.

In spite of the many occasions for it he was seldom known to mention his bodily infirmity. Just before he journeyed to Florida for the last time he went out to lunch with a friend. He was very pale and quite evidently ill. He apologized for his slowness. "These legs," he said, "never were much use and they are close to *no* good now. I guess they'll carry me over the short run I've got to make. I don't know that I have cause for complaint. Pretty interesting journey. I have got so much out of being a fraction of a man that I can't help thinking that it must be glorious to be a whole one."

AND DEATH CAME

“Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he led—
Never mind how he died.”

IN October, 1922, when Dr. Bisbee went South for the last time to spend the winter with his daughter in Miami, he was taken sick the day after arrival and lapsed into a coma from which he was not expected to revive. There followed the final year of invalidism, and a series of relapses from each of which he started the long upward climb, getting just a little farther each time. Every moment of comparative health was used for his work. The last two months he grew so strong again that he had abandoned his wheel chair for crutches around the house and yard. But he was taken suddenly ill one afternoon as he was playing a game with his nurse, sank into unconsciousness and in a few hours slept his way into the next world.

It was arranged to hold the funeral services in his old church at Philadelphia and there his friends, new and old, his comrades and fellow workers, met together to pay tribute to one they had dearly loved. The description of the services which follows and the selections from addresses delivered are quoted from the Memorial number of the *Universalist Leader* dedicated to Dr. Bisbee, its editor for twenty-five years.

Dr. Francis A. Gray, the new pastor of the Church of the Restoration, led the procession into the church, reciting the usual passages. Following were Dean Lee S. McColleston, Dr. F. O. Hall, Dr. Wm. H. McGlauflin, Dr. Harold Marshall, the Rev. H. E. Benton, the Rev. Thomas Illman and the Editor.

Dr. McGlauflin offered the invocation, Dr. Marshall read the Scriptures, including the passage, "For I am persuaded that neither life nor death, nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Then, in a most simple and moving way, Dr.

Hall made the main address. In part he said: "We here assembled are representatives of a much larger company in various parts of the world who are with us to-day in spirit. We come to show our appreciation and respect for one who all his life has won the respect and affection of the men who knew him. He would not care for eulogy. He was a simple man who loved directness and simplicity. I come to give expression to some of the things we ought to have expressed more frequently and more forcibly when he was here. I know that you all will agree with me when I say he was a man, kind, sincere, sympathetic and true.

"In my mind there has been running a line from a great poem: 'He put a cheerful courage on.' That, however, is not literally true. He didn't put anything on. He was genuine. He was courageous and he was cheerful, but both things belonged to him. There is a courage which sends a man over the top facing shot and shell of modern warfare. I do not minimize it. But I affirm that it is a nobler courage which bears, as Dr. Bisbee bore, a life-long burden of suffering. You know a little of what he endured. I have yet to find a man

who ever heard him whine. He was not indifferent to sympathy. He liked it, but he wanted it expressed briefly and the subject of his own pain soon dropped.

“He had the ability to go on with his own work in spite of pain, ‘look up, not down, look out, not in, forward, not back, and lend a hand.’ In his last letter to me he said: ‘I am getting on, I will soon be back. The worst sin we can commit is not to be happy!’

“Our comfort in an hour like this is in three things: The kind of life he lived; the unfinished work to be done; and that here we see only the first part of life and behind the curtains there is the other room of the Father’s House.

“Let us not make a memorial of marble or granite—an arch, or a temple—for him. Let us erect a memorial to him by doing the work to which he gave his life.”

Dr. van Schaick said:

“The last forenoon I had with him was on the Key West steamer in New York, as he was sailing for the South, a year ago in September. There he told me the story of his

early struggles, one of the few occasions of his life when he broke through his reticence about personal hardships or misfortunes. As I was sailing in January, he wrote me that he would be the last one I would see as I sailed past the Florida coast, waving his palm leaf in farewell, and that upon my return, God willing, he would be out on the tip end of Cape Cod, to give me welcome. Only last week he wrote me words of praise for my little book, 'Cruising,' and said that he was preparing a Front Porch Study on it.

"He has written a number of times lately referring to my promise to come and see him at Miami after Christmas, showing eagerness for the visit and making plans for me to speak.

"None of these incidents do more than hint at the charm, the old-fashioned courtesy, the loyalty to a vital project, the kindness to a successor, which he showed always.

"Often times when men break physically, they break mentally, so that the task of a colleague and helper is made difficult by jealousy. There was not a scintilla of this in him. He wanted so much the thing he believed in to be

done that when he saw help coming, it filled him with joy.

"His bravery under the everlasting nag of physical suffering will be a proverb among us. His cheer, in spite of aching bones and aching head, will be a rebuke and a challenge to us. His faith in God and man will nerve us for the conflict, and his spirit of brotherly kindness and good-will be a beautiful memory always."

Dr. van Schaick wrote of the burial service at Good Luck:

"The sun was setting when a little company of us left the motors at the Murray Grove House and walked over to the new National Universalist Cemetery just across the country road which winds through the grounds of the Murray Grove Association and near the old Potter Church.

"There within a stone's throw of the grave of Potter we buried the ashes of this apostle of a later day.

"The services were brief and simple. The quiet sunset hour, the broad band of gold in the western sky, the full moon coming up in the east, the silent pines all around, the last little bird winging his way home for the night—

all spoke to us as only perfect beauty can speak. The open spaces, field and sky and sea, always have the deepest peace and comfort of any earthly things.

“In substance I said the following, then offered prayer and pronounced the benediction.

“ ‘We come to what is very sacred ground to Universalists, and to a place especially dear and sacred to our friend. He loved it for the great memories of Murray and Potter. He spoke and wrote appreciatively of that beautiful and romantic story. He loved it for the associations of these later years. He and Mrs. Bisbee chose it as the last resting place of their ashes. And since she died, there was attached to it the sacredness inevitably attaching to the places where we lay our beloved away. We can not stand here unmoved. The great ocean stretches away from this coast to the shores of the old world. These are the same waters over which Murray sailed. Here he landed. Here Potter met him. Here took place that strange interview. Here began the work of a Church to proclaim the impartial love of God for all His children. Even in the late autumn, lonely and deserted, it is a most impressive

spot. And from now on, as long as Universalists come here, there will be added reason for the pilgrimage. When we deposit these ashes of this follower of Murray and Potter, faithful in his day and generation to the light as they were one hundred and fifty years ago, we give new significance to Murray Grove.'

"Before we separated to go off into the night by train and by motor along our respective ways, we lighted a fire in the fireplace of the Young People's House and broke bread around it. Then we talked of our dear friend—how he loved Murray Grove, how he preached in the old church, in the new church, by the boulder, and how he loved the fun and frolic of the place, the youngest heart of all.

"It did not seem that we were leaving the mortal part of Dr. Bisbee in a lonely place. To those that have eyes to see and ears to hear Longfellow's *Twilight Hour* expresses a fundamental truth. It was so with some of us as we looked into the flickering blaze and then out into the quiet night."

The Memorial number of the *Leader* published also these tributes:

THE WELL IN THE VALLEY
OF BACA

Blessed is the man . . . who passing through the Valley of Baca, make it a well. (Psa. 84: 5, 6.)

The Well in the Valley of Baca is the subject of one of the most tender and beautiful of Francis Greenwood Peabody's "Afternoons in the College Chapel."

"Baca means weeping," he tells us. "The valley of Baca is the place of trouble, or desolation, or regret; that dry, sterile, desert, unwelcome valley through which one in his journey has to pass."

In meeting the troubles of life, Dr. Peabody tells us, also, some seek "to go around them," evade them, escape them; and some go straight through them, bearing them courageously and stoically.

"Suppose, however," says Dr. Peabody, "that instead of dodging trouble or just bearing it, it is possible for you to make it a source of life and strength, suppose that the very circumstances which had seemed to you most over-

whelming can be converted by you into refreshment and health for other souls—would not that explain at last why this dreaded valley of Baca lay thus on your road? Blessed is the man who coming there maketh a well.”

Repeatedly since Dr. Bisbee died have these words been coming back to us who knew him most intimately as accurate description and interpretation of his life.

He never sought to evade his trouble, for he could not if he would, although all that science could do for him he had done and it unquestionably prolonged his life. He bore his pain and trouble silently and stoically. As Dr. Hall put it, “he never whined.” But that grim courage was not the whole of it. His years of pain made him marvelously tender and compassionate, sympathetic with all the handicapped and all the sorrowing.

He dug a deep well in his own life out of which he brought the refreshing waters of health and cheer for all the world. Many a man weary and heavy laden found a new access of strength and hope, conversing with him. And literally also was it proved in his life—“the heavens above conspired with the effort

of his will." The rain of God filled the deep pools.

THE EDITOR OF THE LEADER

Others will tell of the varied activities which have made him a leader in our Church life. Two things especially have impressed themselves on my mind of which I must speak. First, his utter and complete devotion to the cause of the Universalist Church. No one connected with the Publishing House could fail to appreciate how much of service he gave, a service far beyond any possible recompense and always given without thought of pecuniary return to himself. Often he labored under great stress of physical disability, and sometimes of torturing pain, yet always with the same cheerful determination to do his work well. He was a model editor for a Church paper—progressive, yet sane; enthusiastic, yet level-headed; bold and decided in utterance, yet always with charity and appreciation of the other man's point of view. Like the great scientist who has recently died, he was content with sufficient for his daily needs and never was ambitious even for his deserts. The Uni-

versalist Publishing House owes him a debt of gratitude for his singularly self-forgetful devotion to its interests and through its agency to the Church at large.

Then, too, Dr. Bisbee was an example to us all of how splendidly a man can meet life and triumph over physical handicap and weakness. Crippled he might be in body; he was serene, even radiant, in mind and spirit. In these last years when life brought him sorrow and much pain, he seemed to live above these things and still radiated good cheer in his written words in the *Leader* and in his personal conversation. What would have broken the spirit of most men seemed to bring out in him the enduring qualities of a great soul. He met sorrow, pain and death with head erect and soul unafraid. He was, indeed, the Captain of his Soul.

ARTHUR W. PEIRCE.

A SPRIG OF ACACIA

How many beautiful and gracious memories come crowding into mind, now that Dr. Bisbee has gone into Another Room to rest. There was somewhat of the Eternal in him, something so fine and high and true that it confirmed

faith, corroborated hope, and inspired love. His mind was a sanctuary, his character a consecration.

Each of his brethren has precious memories, and I have mine. Twenty-four years ago, having answered a want ad sent out by Dr. Perin, I went to Boston to meet the leaders of our faith. Of all men on earth no man was better fitted than Dr. Bisbee, alike by his spirit and skill, to be a friend to a young man making his way out of a dark theology into a larger faith. He saw and understood. He knew that I had more rebellion against old dogmas than understanding of a nobler thought of God. Never shall I forget his wisdom, his patience, his brotherly grace, and, by no means least, his ever-present, sparkling sense of humor, in those difficult days.

Years passed, and I was invited to the pulpit of the City Temple. Of all my friends, only two insisted that I must accept the invitation at whatever cost. Dr. Bisbee was one, Dr. Marquis of Coe College the other. The first letter I received was from Dr. Bisbee, not simply advising but urging me to go. Other letters followed, earnest, insistent, eager—such

as a father might write to his son. At last, when I decided to go to London, he wrote me such a letter as one reads only once in a lifetime. In Boston, at the service in the Old South Church, on the eve of my return to take up my work in London, he gave me his blessing in a trembling but triumphant voice.

Other years passed—four years, dark, dreadful, and confused—and Dr. Bisbee came to preside at the service of my induction as minister of the Church of the Divine Paternity. Arriving early at the church, I found him sitting alone in the vestry, weary and unwell. His fine face lighted up as I entered, and the words he spoke to me then—words so gentle and full of fatherly affection—are too sacred to repeat. They live in my heart, and I can still hear the tones of his voice from behind the Hills. His prayer offered that evening will never be forgotten; it abides with me to guide and exalt. It was love at first sight between us, half a life ago, a love which time did not mar and death can not touch.

Noble in his life, faithful and fruitful in his labors, the passing of Dr. Bisbee makes us pensive betimes, but not sorrowful. It means

rest, release, and reunion. There was in him, toward the end, a ripe, mellow, old-gold beauty of soul uniting culture and character, sweet humor and serene faith—a memory to haunt us, a vision to bless us forever. He was a true man, gentle, wise and pure of heart, a leader of faith, a friend without alloy—a faithful minister of Christ.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

DR. BISBEE'S LOVE FOR THE CHURCH

He had a genius for friendship. The social instinct was strong in him. He was a delightful companion, primed with bright stories, telling anecdotes and interesting personal experiences. A delightful vein of humor ran through all his talk and writing.

His love for the Universalist Church was a passion. He believed in it with all the force of his earnest spirit—that it had a distinct function and mission and should focus its every energy on that distinct mission. He heartily welcomed practicable unity and co-operation with other branches of the Christian Church and longed for the day when all Churches should be one in spirit and purpose

in doing God's will, but he knew that that day is not near at hand—that there is yet work for us to do as leaders. He believed our Church was a leader. The paper to which he gave so much of the best of his life was the *Universalist Leader*, and he believed our mission was to lead, aggressively, courageously, confidently. Not to build up a denomination in sectarian spirit, just for the sake of a denomination, not merely to gain greater numbers, but to build up a consecrated, loyal, zealous body of men and women who should teach and preach, but above all live, the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man and the leadership of Christ. He believed that beyond all mechanisms for civic, social or economic reform the world hungered to-day for vital consciousness of God as the Father, intimate, personal, dynamic; for actual brotherhood, good will, sincere fellowship; for glad willingness to take Jesus in earnest and follow him in one's own life, in the home, in business relationships, in politics, in all the reaction of life when daily, hourly religion meets its most significant and vital tests.

J. F. ALBION.

DR. BISBEE AS A DENOMINA-
TIONAL LEADER

He was a leader in the development of new Universalist interpretations of truth and new methods of practical organization. The thought and administration of the Universalist Church have passed through great changes in the active years of Dr. Bisbee—and Dr. Bisbee has had a real part in both. Circumstances brought him into counsel with all leaders and he never hesitated to express his own views or to lead a program that seemed to him vital and constructive. There may have been at times a question as to the wisdom and practical working value of some of his suggested programs, but there was never a doubt as to his desire to promote the efficiency of the Church. In those years when the Winchester Profession of Faith was the subject of all Convention debates, and when the “Five Principles” were developing, he was leading the campaign for freedom of thought, and when the organization of the Church had grown inadequate for the many-sided activities gradually taken on, he zealously labored for more effective organiza-

tion, for a Headquarters that should compare well with the administration offices of other sects. When the pilgrimage to California was ordered by the Church, Dr. Bisbee gave his time and energy in association with the General Superintendent, Dr. McGlauffin, to make that new enterprise an event of joy and pride to the whole Church. Through his efforts our Church had an important place in programs of the two most important meetings of the International Congress of Religious Liberals—the one in Boston, and the one in Paris. This story of his particular activities might be greatly enlarged to include his work for conventions, for the enterprises for old and young and for individuals who were seeking to fulfil themselves or to make more useful to the world the Church of his love.

LEE S. MCCOLLESTER.

FROM A YOUNG MINISTER WHOM
HE HELPED

Some men, as they grow older, forget the younger men who are coming along after them, and have little time to give to them. This was not so of Dr. Bisbee. He was never

too busy to speak an encouraging word or to lend an attentive ear. He not only loved the younger ministers in our fellowship but he also recognized their value to the Church and the cause for which it stands. He knew the pitfalls and the danger-points of a young minister's career and wisely counseled concerning them.

For many things about him I am grateful—for his keen editorial analysis of religious questions, for the poetry which he sang with triumphant note, for the inspiration of his daily living, for his unselfish and steadfast devotion to the cause of the Master.

Three lessons he has taught me. One is that a man is never too big to have time and consideration for others; the second is that a man can endure suffering and sorrow and still go smiling through life with a faith undimmed, blessing and encouraging others; the third is that if ever this world is to enjoy the blessings of Universalism, we who believe in its principles must build up and sustain the Universalist Church as the medium through which the world may know our gospel.

HAROLD H. NILES.

MORE THAN CONQUEROR

Fred Bisbee was at Tufts when I entered the Theological School there in 1874. For three years we were on the Hill together in all the intimacy of close quarters, common tasks, common aspirations, common experiences. We were friends from the beginning, and one of the blessings that I shall remember with especial gratitude at this Thanksgiving time is that this friendship has continued through the years.

The outstanding thing to me in the story of his life is its heroism, and that he should have made so successful a life-journey—gone so far—in that poor, crippled car of his. It was downright heroism that did it. It is much to be feared that under such a handicap of pain as was his, many of us would long ago have said, "It is no use," and just waited by the wayside for some one to tow us to some haven. Not so was it with this brave boy and man. Bearing his pain he kept to his task; as best he could repaired the broken parts, and outstripped—how many of us with far better

equipment! His life represents noble achievement against great odds.

But a better part of the story is that of the method by which he achieved his results. It is a great thing for one, with grim determination and sheer force, to overcome obstacles, to break his way through and win the goal—to win as the flood and the tornado win. But it is a greater thing to win by an inner grace—not grim at all, nor proud in its might, but gentle, genial, patient; to win, not by breaking the untoward things, but by transmuting them into the better thing—as does the sunshine and the springtime, as did the Master with his cross. More like this did this friend of ours win over his trials and achieve his successes. Whatever the trial it was more than matched by his serene patience and steadfastness.

And underneath all this was what he was and more and more became. He possessed a rarely fine and happy disposition, an affectionate nature rich and pure, gifts of the spirit which made him susceptible to, and opened the way to understanding of, the Invisible Things.

For all this much tribute to some forbear

or forbears who transmitted the elements of it to him—most likely to the mother who bore him, and breathed this sweetness and strength into his beginnings.

But these elements, dispositional, affectional, spiritual, which were the heart and crown of his life, which he accepted and by every application cultivated to more and more—these were the inner grace which all the way along made him more than conqueror, a hero of the faith.

“God be praised that such have been”—*and are!*

CHARLES R. TENNEY.

FROM A FORMER PARISHIONER

It was my privilege to know Dr. Bisbee for thirty years, first, as my pastor, then as a journalist, and, last and best of all, as a true and noble man. During all these years he had been a patient and silent sufferer.

In spite of pain he had a genial and striking personality. His scholarly mind was so finely poised that mirth and play took their places with study and meditation.

No modern idea or progressive thought was

neglected by him, and yet the sound and tried paths were never forsaken. Common sense and simple justice ruled his course of action. He seemed to be guided in the way that made friends and not enemies, either by natural genius or the result of his wise and carefully thought out conclusions.

His contribution to the Universalist Church can not be properly measured at this early date, but it is fair to say that few of his contemporaries will leave a deeper impress on the pages of our Church history. There is hardly a denominational activity that has not felt his influence and been benefited, nor a church problem he has not handled and helped to solve.

That his remains have been laid to rest under the shadow of the old Potter Meeting-house makes more sacred that Shrine of our Church for which he labored and for which he was at one time its chief executive. It was the suggestion of his loved wife that made possible the National Universalist Cemetery where they both repose.

Here in this quiet spot amid memories so dear to him we will stand and be blessed as we

contemplate his life and works, trusting that thus we may gain some of the faith and vision that glorified him.

WALTER GABELL.

DR. BISBEE'S MESSAGE

The death of Dr. Bisbee means a distinct loss to our denomination, and to all the rest of the religious world. I became acquainted with him in the days of Dr. Shinn and the "Weirs." He was then, I think, pastor of the Church of the Restoration, Philadelphia. I was attracted to him by his fine personality, his breadth of thought, and his literary style. The friendship then established has continued to the end. It is a pleasure to remember that the last sentences I wrote as a member of the Resolutions Committee at Providence, were greetings to Dr. Bisbee, in Florida—although a similar message, of which I did not know, had already been sent from the Ministers' Meeting.

If I should put into a few words Dr. Bisbee's message to our ministers and churches, those words would be, "Get on to your job!" And, while we are discussing ways and means

and methods and all sorts of schemes and plans, while our internationalism is circumnavigating the globe—as no doubt it should—Dr. Bisbee would point to many a little garden patch of a local church, running to weeds through neglect. This is a distinct service. Let us trust that it will be remembered over his ashes.

MARION D. SHUTTER.

FROM A FELLOW WORKER

Of necessity this word must be intimate, since it has to express something of the intimacy of daily contacts and common tasks. For nearly seven years, except at such times as one or the other was away from the office, we worked together.

“No man is a hero to his valet,” might be modernized into, “No man is a hero to his fellow-workers”—unless he happens to be heroic. It was a long time before I realized that Dr. Bisbee was never free from pain. It was obvious that he bore constant physical discomfort, but his smile and ready jest covered something more than that. Many times I entered his office through a door behind him, to

find him bent over his desk and to catch a glimpse of a face drawn with pain. But at the sound of a voice he lifted his head and his smile returned and he came to attention, every inch a soldier of the spirit.

Then would follow earnest discussion of our common tasks. There might so easily have been something sharper than difference of opinion, but there never was. When a policy or an utterance brought criticism from those who disagreed, he might so easily have said, "It was not my idea." But he never did. When mistakes were made—and in following untried ways they were inevitable—he might have said, "I told you so." But he never did.

In the seven years' association there was only one expressed agreement between us. When he realized that his spirit could no longer compel obedience from his body, he asked me to promise that if the time came that some one else could help make a better paper I would tell him so. The promise was sacredly given. If the occasion had ever required, it would have been faithfully kept, whatever the heartbreak for either of us.

Next to his constant victory over his body, perhaps the thing that made that victory possible, or that made the fight worth while, was his devotion to his work. To him *Universalism* was a sacred word, not staled or shrunk by frequency, and the *Universalist Leader* a solemn voice that spoke to a perplexed and changing world of the things that abide. Long before we met, he had learned that there is no real relation between wages and work. If he had been as rich in money as in more precious possessions, he would have paid a million a year for the privilege of editing the *Leader*. If he had been ten times as strong, he would have worked ten times as hard.

I do not know when or how we first began to speak of the "*Leader* family," but it has long been a reality. We all feel that he who was first among us has left a vacancy no one can fill, and that no one wishes filled. But he has left, too, a fullness in all our lives, a deeper sense of the worth of our common tasks, a golden bond of fellowship longer than the years and stronger than death.

HAROLD MARSHALL.

DR. BISBEE AS A PREACHER

He was trained to be a preacher, loved to preach and exercised his ability in that direction to the very last. Within a few weeks of his departure, when he was too ill to leave his home, he gathered about him a few friends and led them in prayer, song and meditation. He brought to his profession a fine, musical voice, which people loved to hear, features that expressed his thought before he uttered it, and, above all, sincerity and sympathy which radiated from him as the sun sheds light and warmth.

He was a radical preacher. The younger generation, to whom radicalism means a desire and disposition to turn the social order upside down and inside out, will find it hard to believe this, for Dr. Bisbee had no desire to meddle personally with the social order. He was perfectly willing that others should if they knew enough, but he insisted that the average clergyman was not an expert on the tariff or trade unions. He wanted such matters left to men who were especially trained to deal with them. He also wanted ministers of religion

to train the trainers—in religion. He was entirely confident that the especial function of clergymen is to inspire the business men of their congregations with a disposition to Christianize the social order, and then send them forth to do the reforming. He did not pretend to tell them how this was to be done. He told them that it ought to be done, and that it was their task to discover how it was to be done and then do it. That was his attitude as to social reform, and whether we agree with it or not we must admit that it was rational and wholesome.

When I say he was a radical I hark back to those ancient days when to interpret the call of Abraham as the call of an awakened conscience rather than the actual voice of God speaking the Hebrew language, was damnable heresy. So Dr. Bisbee was for a time a heretic. He dared to believe that God was manifesting Himself now and continually, and not merely that He did once prove His existence by certain law-violating miracles. In those far-away days the powers-that-were told him frankly that he had no business in the Christian pulpit. Sounds strange, doesn't

it? But he kept right on preaching, and began to publish a little paper called *To-day*, for the wider expression of his radical views. After a while the whole Church saw that his views were right, as most radical opinions are, and the heresy of yesterday has become the orthodoxy of to-day. It was Dr. Bisbee's sincere, sympathetic and constructive preaching that helped bring this to pass.

He was not what is called an "eloquent" preacher. He indulged in no oratorical flights. He cultivated no ministerial tone. He did not try to make his congregation alternately weep and laugh. He did not even try to make them smile; but they generally did smile before his sermon was finished, and then they kept on smiling after they had gone home, and some of them continued to smile as they went about their business through the week. He helped to make life sunny and sweet and interesting for all those who would hear and heed. He radiated good cheer. To Frederick Bisbee this world was a good place, full of good people, presided over by a good God; and he had no doubt that the good God who had made one good world

and filled it with good people, could and would make other good worlds for good people when they were through with this. That is what he preached. That is what he believed. Let us have confidence that he was right.

FRANK OLIVER HALL.

DR. BISBEE AS A WRITER

The journalist finds perennial fascination in the human spectacle, its dramatic movement, its tragic mysteries, its comic relief, most of all in its need and craving for friendly sympathy and understanding. Dr. Bisbee's keen eye took it all in. As was said of another, "humor and reverence dwelled in friendship." Its pretentious shams he covered with ridicule and cutting irony. For its "successful failures" he had the understanding word that set the success high in the scale of eternal values. And for the man who was abusive he had the silence of one who had learned the futility of noise and petty striving.

It was no accident that Dr. Bisbee loved travel. Possibly it ministered to that normal craving for physical movement of which his bodily handicaps so largely deprived him,

but the joy in it surely went deeper. It unrolled before him not merely the pageantry of the outward world, but even more, to his discerning eye, the human drama. And so it was that probably his travel writings were the best things he did. His book, "A Summer Flight," recording the remarkable flight of the "angels," "messengers of light and good will among men," to the Congress of Religious Liberals in Berlin in 1910, is Bisbee in his distinctive quality of mind and heart. His genial humanity speaks in his preface: "There is another side, the human side, which is not less important than the 'proceedings of the meeting.' . . . The author, while never allowing his imagination to be hampered by facts, has kept as near the truth as was convenient." But beneath all the whimsies and the ironies of the human picture is the undertone of a great faith in the divineness that redeems man's striving and in the spiritual forces that, by devious ways, are leading him on.

For behind the journalist and the discursive writer of traveler's tales was always the preacher. And the truths he emphasized with his facile pen were wrought out of the expe-

rience of one whose daily life was almost literally one of consciousness of acute physical pain and bodily limitations. There is a note of self-revelation in much of his later writing that gives it a peculiar poignancy. His "Front Porch Studies" from his Florida home—again note the traveler's point of view; he could not pass through the world again, but the world could pass before him—sum up the philosophy of a life that had had to learn the spiritual worth of striving over that of outward achievement. Let this word from the last "Study" be his message:

"If you wrote alone for glory, then has your glory become as ashes, as all glory does, because glory is a fictitious thing. It is easily inflated to conspicuousness and is easily punctured and collapses to uselessness. If you wrote that you might translate the truth of God to your children and the children of men, then is your ministry serving the ages."

FREDERIC W. PERKINS.

FROM A FRIEND OF MANY YEARS

I am in no mood for formal estimates of Dr. Bisbee. To me, behind all the formulas, he

is "Fred" Bisbee, a man with an open mind, a born mixer with men, with a capacity for friendship that was immeasurable. His passing leaves an empty chair at that round table of memory when we who were of one spirit shared the bread of life together many, many years.

Death must have liberated him, for we shall think of him no longer as an unconquerable soul dragging a broken body through the world.

F. W. BETTS.

FRIENDLY, WISE, DR. BISBEE

The men in charge of the religious papers published in Boston during the years of Dr. Bisbee's editorship of the *Leader*, constituted an interesting religious group.

Among us all Dr. Bisbee stood out as the embodiment of good cheer and friendliness. His contribution to the progress of his paper and of his Church was substantial and has proved enduring. He helped shape the movement toward a stronger cohesion of Universalist churches and he always championed

comprehensiveness, unity and effective common action. But his paper was something more than a denominational bulletin. It had a distinctive spiritual quality so marked that, calling at the *Transcript* office one day, I was somewhat taken down to have one of the editors say to me, "The *Leader* is beating you all in real spirituality, and that is what is wanted in modern religious journalism." Yet there was nothing mushy or conventional about Dr. Bisbee's religious thinking. Every sentence had a ring of sincerity because it came from a man who believed in the God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ. He felt that in the modern world were a good many people still who italicized God's severity and the woe of the wicked, while putting in small type the proclamation of His everlasting mercy through John G. Whittier, George Macdonald, Hosea Ballou and many others whose work in one field and another during the nineteenth century sweetened and broadened the thought of the whole Church regarding the nature of God and the possibilities of man.

HOWARD A. BRIDGMAN.

THE FRONT PORCH

The Front Porch is empty. The vines and the flowers, the sun by day and the moon by night, are still there, but the front porch is empty. The wheel chair that held the Friend to Man is empty.

He has fared forth on the Long Road beyond the stars. Now, for the first time it may be, we realize that he meant each Study for us who follow. By them we follow on until some day we too shall reach a House not made with hands and find him waiting on the Front Porch.

H. M.



"THE FRONT PORCH"

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DR. BISBEE
AS REVEALED BY HIS WRITING

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DR. BISBEE

THE KEYNOTE ¹

ONCE upon a time in the long ago, a mighty ruler of the Orient, as he took his morning walk, was so unfortunate as to hurt his great toe, which, in the simplicity of those times, was unprotected. The anger of the monarch was quick and fierce, and he immediately issued a royal mandate that the whole world must henceforth be covered with a soft carpet.

His ministers of state were filled with dismay, and protested that such a thing was impossible, but the stubborn old ruler insisted, and ordered that the edict be obeyed, with penalty of death upon any who should attempt and fail, and reward to him who should succeed.

Then there came men with plans for machines which would weave carpets more

¹ Opening Address at the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Convention of the Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist Church, New Old South Church, Boston, July 8, 1914.

rapidly than ever they were made before, but, even at this speed, it was calculated by the wise men that thousands of years must pass before enough carpet could be woven to accomplish the king's purpose, and as that was longer than his Majesty could wait before taking his next walk, off went the heads of the inventors! Then came one with a co-operative scheme which only involved the furnishing of a comparatively small piece of carpet by each individual in the world, but this required many years in the education of the race in carpet making, and the result was as far off as ever, and the head of the schemer fell into the basket! And so it went on until discouragement was in the hearts of the ministry of state, and anger grew in the heart of the ruler.

Then there came to the palace gate a young man in humble garb, but joyful of countenance and of merry speech, and announced that he had the carpet for the whole world in the folds of his robe. And they laughed him to scorn. However, he persisted day after day in thundering at the gate and demanding that he be presented to the king, until finally his Majesty, learning of this new applicant,

and being eager to see another head lopped off, commanded that the impudent rascal be brought before him. This was done, the conditions explained, and the king said: "You say you have in the folds of your robe a carpet for the whole world, so that no matter where I go or how far I wander, I need never step off this carpet and hurt my royal toe on this cruel world?"

And the young man answered, "I have."

"Then," said the king, "carpet for me the whole world instantly or die the death!"

And then the young man drew from the folds of his robe a pair of carpet slippers and placed them on the king's feet, and for the king the world was carpeted, for, go where he would and as far as he could, his feet would always be on carpet. Of course the young man married the king's daughter and lived happily ever after!

In later ages when a new sovereign reigned in the person of an enlightened people, it was discovered that the world was rough and cruel with sin and selfishness, and the tender feet of this many-footed sovereign were hurt, and a proclamation was made that the earth should

be everywhere carpeted with a preparation called the kingdom of heaven, which should cover over all the rough places and make them smooth so that the many-footed sovereign could pursue his way to happiness.

And many were the schemes proposed to secure this remarkable condition. The world was searched, but all plans were found to be inadequate in quantity and quality, until there came to the gate of the world-palace a young man of manly presence, fair of face and gentle of speech, who told this world-sovereign: "This thing for which you are looking, here, there and everywhere, and have not found, is close at hand: the Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

Young people of the Universalist Church, you are gathered here to consider how you are to do your part in making this a better world, in transforming it from an earthly to a heavenly kingdom.

And I do not consider it too soon to place before you the seriousness of the situation you must presently face. You are older than your parents were at your age. You are a new people in a new era, facing new duties. The

responsibility for the future is already resting upon your shoulders. You are the youth at the gate of the world-palace; have you the secret of the kingdom of heaven, and can you deliver the goods?

Twenty-five years of life have shown you competent to do much. Can you do more? Are you ready to do more? Are you at the end of your life or at the beginning?

I come to you with my message because I believe in you, that you are the hope of the church and the world. I shall not hesitate, therefore, to place before you with entire frankness the seriousness of the situation and the largeness of your opportunity, and to call you to the greatest and most heroic service.

There are rough places in this old world which hurt. The perusal of the news of the day is a funeral procession of the mind, and the really thoughtful find reason to be genuinely apprehensive regarding the not distant future.

The spirit of unrest possesses the world. While we have more in every department of life than ever before, discontent outstrips our possessions. This world is filled to overflowing with riches of every kind, enough and more

than enough for all. The beneficent Creator has provided abundantly for all of His children, but some have too much and some have too little, and there is no difference in the measure of their discontent. There is just as much unhappiness and just as much sin among those having much as among those having little. Yet humanity is fighting a deadly battle for possessions, and yet more possessions.

Greed and injustice strip some to nakedness that others may be adorned with barbaric splendor, starve some that others may coax a satiated appetite. While we argue and plead for international peace, internal war grows imminent. We hedge around evil and selfish impulse with laws as impotent as the damming of Niagara at the crest of the fall! We curb individual dishonesty and crime, but can not check the corporate monster. We think and talk in millions and live in dimes and nickels. Theaters and grand-stands multiply as churches perish. Homes are but lodging houses and lunch counters; children, old at ten to fifteen, spend their strength in the mad excitement of abnormal social condi-

tions or in the deadly factory or sweat-shop, and one is no worse than the other. Men and women die of hunger in one street, and die of too much eating in the next. We go into spasms of sentiment over a broken leg, but look with equanimity on a fractured character.

There is something the matter with the world; it is off the track to the kingdom of heaven, and what you young people are here for is to put it back, and set it going and keep it going in the right direction. That is your work, and that is worth while.

Your parents have been experimenting with various schemes to reclaim the world; most of them of the "get-rich-quick" order, many of them but plasters to put on the surface sore under the delusion that they will cure the disease which is in the blood. The world has taken these until it has acquired a sort of drug habit of getting things done without doing them! The spirit of speculation lures even moral enterprises.

Many of these schemes are good and worthy, and we must rejoice in the splendid service rendered by wise and devoted souls, but we are not making much progress towards the king-

dom of heaven, and my theme is that there is just one way to reach this goal, and that is through Christianity, and there is just one instrumentality, and that is the Christian Church. It is the theme of the apostle, that there is no other name whereby you can be saved but Jesus Christ. But that you may not misunderstand me, I want to say that there is not a shadow of narrowness in this theme, for it just means the Universal Christ, it means a Christianity inclusive of all truth, it means a new Church, "lofty as the love of God and ample as the wants of man."

In the transforming of this world from an earthly to a heavenly kingdom, the point of contact for the inflow of the heavenly spirit is the individual soul. Some have thought that this is my "hobby," but it is more than that, it is my passion, as it was the passion of Jesus, that the kingdom of heaven is within. And therefore when you gather here as a body of Christian believers and workers, you are in touch with that which is elemental to all good, whether personal, social, political, economic, civic, educational, present or future.

That marvelous man, James O. Fagan, who,

from his lofty station in the railroad switch tower, studied life with more intelligence than the recluse in his study, commands our attention to the fact that somewhere, back of every automatic or electric device for efficiency or safety, there is a man on whose head rests the responsibility. If that man is not right the device and system are futile. Farther back or "higher up," is always a man; anything short of that man may mean mitigation, but never cure. You can correct all along the way, but until you reach the man, your work is not done.

The danger of recent tendencies has been to shift responsibility from the man to an impersonal and intangible condition. The man in business says he must play the game, he can not be honest because others are not honest, whereas the Christian ideal is honesty of speech and integrity of action regardless of conditions. The man commits a sin and shifts the responsibility from himself; he feels no remorse, but blames society, until the world is threatened with a race of moral invertebrates.

There is always the man in the background, and this man must have something besides

skill, ability, power, technical training. He must have character, without which his skill, ability, power and training may serve evil as well as good. That is, the men of this world must be Christianized, spiritualized, gospelized, not only as individuals, but in their relations to all others, or they will defeat all laws and systems. That is, the kingdom of heaven can only come to the world through the transformation of character, and that in the final analysis, while it may be helped or hampered by conditions, is, in its real development, as independent of conditions to-day as it was when Jesus, the perfect man, walked in Judea to his exaltation upon the cross.

I summon you young people to the Christian Church, not as the only institution, not the only good institution, but that one which is primary to all others and the one through which, by the very nature of your organization, you must do your work and make yourselves effective.

I call you at a time when the Church is under criticism and yet a time when the world's need is acute and insistent; when other institutions have revealed their own

inadequacy if not futility. The "Titanic" disaster happened in the ocean south of Newfoundland, but the cause of it was back in the construction yard where some men did not put Christian character into their work, back in the counting room, where men gambled with human lives, it was back in the homes all over the civilized world where men and women become obsessed with the speed mania. What men saw was that there were not boats enough, and so new laws were hastened to provide against a thing which will never happen again in just that way. Then the "Empress of Ireland," with a full complement of boats, double bottom, watertight bulkheads, everything made right for the expected—but the unexpected happened! And new fog laws will be enacted, but there will never be another fog like that! The most perfect piece of railroad construction in all the world has been the scene of more and worse disasters than any other on the face of the earth. The "brutal trusts" are dissolved, and the cost of living is higher and wages lower! What is the trouble? Somewhere it is the man: the man behind, the man higher up, but always the man,

the man not Christianized, and there is the point of contact for the Church.

But it will be complained that the Christian Church has been here for 1900 years. And yet the world has never tried it as a working program. The Christian Church has meant the saving of a soul in the world to come, when its real purpose was and is the saving of all souls here and now, in this world.

There must be, in the nature of things, masters of forces, masters of finance, masters of industry, masters of men, made so by peculiar and exceptional talent, and it is all a question, are they *Christian* masters? It means in the new Christian Church to which you are summoned the taking of this Christian program right out into the business, the politics, into every human relation. It means that the Golden Rule is not only beautiful and true, it means that it is practical.

Here is a social Gospel which grows from within and is not imposed from without. The greatest leader of social reform to-day, Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch, is all he is because he is a Christian. To him Christianity is true,

the greatest thing on earth, and all he is saying is, "Come, let us try it out."

Build up the Christian Church as it is now defined, until it is an irresistible force for righteousness. You may have thought the local church in your home town had some æsthetic, some sentimental value, but have you realized that it is the most vital, most virile, most potential institution in all this world? Do you realize that it is the key to the kingdom of heaven, and that it is in your hands?

But I summon you young people, not only to the Christian Church, but to the Universalist Church, through which specifically you are to make your contribution to the general good. I summon you to this Church because in genius, in faith, in its interpretation of elemental Christianity, it is better equipped for this new day and these new duties than any other. It holds in itself the spiritual and spiritualizing forces which, in its hands or in the hands of some other more worthy, alone can solve the problems of this life.

And this is affirmed not in any spirit of sectarianism, nor in any ignorance of relig-

ious conditions. No one can be more loyal to Christian unity and even to church union than I, and yet I recognize that there is a vast deal of nonsense now current in regard to this matter. Sectarianism has no place in the thought of this age, but efficiency demands denominations or "departments" as I prefer to call them. These must be different and distinctive. Strength of union comes from diversity of parts harmoniously related, not from sameness and uniformity. The Universalist Church is not the same as other churches; it is different, and the difference is its glory, not its shame, because thereby it can contribute more largely to the common good. I believe it is different and that it is better; if I did not, I should not remain in it five minutes. We can solve every problem of this life and the next with Universalism.

This is the faith our fathers fought and sacrificed and died to establish. The religious world has ridiculed it, fought against it, patronized it, and in some measure adapted and adopted it, but never yet tried it.

Universalism made possible the present world-wide belief in the real Fatherhood of

God and the real Brotherhood of Man, and these are the soul of every reform movement and every redemptive force in the world to-day. This is the one keynote of world-harmony. Give it a fair trial and it will stop every war, it will settle every strike, it will equalize possessions, it will abolish poverty, disease, ignorance and sin; it will go yet farther and lift the shadow of death from human hearts.

This world-power of redemption, this God-force, has been placed in our hands to administer, and what are we doing with it? The story of its establishment by our Church fathers is one of the tragic and glorious romances of religious history. It all came to us of to-day as an inheritance; it gave us the chance to command the world. But with this Gospel in our hands we have been slow to adjust it and ourselves to world-service. So eager were we to have it established as an intellectual conviction that we failed to organize it for preservation and growth and efficiency. And others are taking our message, adapting and organizing it, and, even with the handicap of a contradictory theology, are planting

their churches in new fields, recruiting their ranks and preparing to evangelize the whole world in this generation!

In the light of these startling facts, I ask why is it that our Church does not invite the mass of numbers and power, and command the situation? In the early days when its ministry and laity were in earnest, when the spirit of God was upon them, they fought their fight and won their victory, and we of this generation have accepted this priceless inheritance, not to conserve, not to use, but, like the rich man's son, to play the spend-thrift with it, and let it go to waste, or to scatter it with prodigal hand.

While my faith in the future of Universalism and of the Universalist Church can never waver, I am apprehensive of the present when I see the loss of vision by our ministers and our people.

Brave men and women face conditions and do not run from them. I speak to the brave. It is with shame that we face the fact that our Church is not growing. And why is it? Why are we not doing our part in the world's redemption through church extension? What

right have we to hoard the bread of life which we have, like misers, or scatter it like spend-thrifts, when there is a single soul starving? And these are not idle questions. While there are exceptions, the noblest of men who stand God-crowned in our ministry, there are others who are willing to sit supinely by, and let this Church, the heroic achievement of their fathers, wither and die before their eyes, so long as it lasts long enough to bury them in its eternal hope! There are instances of pitiable timidity when men deserted, as they cried in their flight, to "get from under before the crash came!" There are instances of parasitic selfishness sapping the life-blood from churches; there are instances of retreat from the ministry into business "because they must live!" when really there is not the slightest reason why they should! We have suffered our ministry to be depleted, we have sat indifferently by while our educational institutions one by one were taken from us; we have even failed in a crisis to save our theological schools; we have neglected the teaching of Church loyalty and self-respect, until our people have taken us at our word and go anywhere—or nowhere—with no

appreciation of spiritual values, until they need their consolation in time of death! We have been heedless to the call of missions—until we wanted help ourselves. We have destroyed denominational consciousness and set our churches in lonely and deadly independence of each other. And some of us are coming before the Master sometime with our one talent in our hands, to whine in excuse, “I was afraid and hid it in the ground!”

Well, that is a pretty dark picture, that is true, but I am not yet ready to say in the language of the ritual, “There is no health in us!” For there is another side to the picture, and it is here before me in the Young People’s Christian Union. For a quarter of a century I have followed the development of your life; I sensed a call of the spirit to which you responded; I have noted how, unconsciously perhaps, building better than you knew, you have adjusted yourselves to the unfolded social Gospel without digging up the roots of the old Gospel; I have noted how you met the conditions of all church life and growth by expressing yourselves through missionary endeavor; I have noted your ability to develop

leaders and follow leadership. I look upon you as the hope of the Universalist Church and upon the Universalist Church as your opportunity. It is for you to administer this great trust which presently must come into your keeping.

And never did there come a more precious heritage, never a more winning appeal, never a brighter opportunity than you face to-night. We know not what the future hath, in the way of religion, but so far as we can know to-day, "we have the best thing in sight!" We have the one faith which can yoke up with the larger movements and the nobler purposes of the day, and we have a church equipment which, no matter how shameful it may be as the result of a century of effort, is glorious as the beginning of a new century's work. There is no need in all this world to-day so great as the need of just this simple faith of ours which links itself with every beneficent power of the human mind and heart and is akin to God Himself. This is all yours to administer, young people. And as I look back over your history for twenty-five years, and see your achievements, and as I look for-

ward and see your glorious opportunity, I want to challenge you, I—never to be an old man, yet an older man—I challenge you young people of the Universalist Church to restore the glory of this temple and open its doors and windows to the morning sun; I challenge you to the greatest missionary campaign in the whole history of our Church; I challenge you, even while you lay the foundation of a new church in Chattanooga, to choose yet another field for work; I challenge you to raise five thousand dollars for mission work, at this session; I challenge you to double your membership during the coming year, and quadruple it in two years; I challenge you to recruit the ministry of your Church; I challenge you to increase the membership of your own local church; I challenge you to sustain the Sunday school through intelligent and faithful interest; I challenge you to make your own home church a power for good in your own community by being a living factor of every noble cause; I challenge you to be Universalists and to build up the Universalist Church as the open door through which the kingdom of God can and will come into this world.

And I sound the keynote to this Convention and your future in the words of your own motto:

“For Christ and His Church.”

BROTHERS ALL

This morning I think I will think a little, being inspired to thought by a small sheaf of letters the postman has handed me. These letters are all from brother and sister ministers and they compel my thought.

In the first place I face the question, why do they all write to me? Some of them are old friends, but in this bunch there are more whom I have never known personally. The old friends I feel I have a right to hold up for some attention, and I appreciate their offerings, but among the others I know by reputation that there are those who have differed from me in matters of church policy, and who, being of the sect called radical or progressive, not only look upon me as a back number, but have been pleased to tell me so, and yet their letters are flowing with milk and honey, and they more than intimate their affection for me and appreciation of my services.

Now this is as it should be. In a broad Church like ours there must and should be differences of opinion, which need never disturb personal relations any more than is salutary. A perfect unity is made up, not of sameness, but of diversity, where each part supplements every other part. Unless we can maintain a position of superman, we all have need of the other fellow, and the more he differs from us, yet maintaining his vital connection with that which is essential, the greater his worth and our efficiency. And there is no thought that I can think more, and sometimes I think better, than the thought of our fine elastic fellowship in which there is room for all.

Now here is a letter from one of the "radicals" so called, who is one of the noisy kind. He is a young man only a very few years out of the divinity school. I knew him there all through his course as one of the brightest minded among the students, keen, quick-witted, with a grace of speech, and withal a great, warm and tender heart towards his fellow men, and I picked him for large service. But about the time he graduated his ambition

for good things overthrew his judgment as to how to get them. He began a course of mental speculation—how to get rich quick, and spectacularly! Every new scheme of bettering the world caught him, and then, instead of throwing himself into the new scheme with his whole heart, he announced certain factors of it and then began to antagonize his old Church, which included me!

Oh, but what of it? He used to call me “Old Mossback” in most loving tones, and say he loved me down to the ground, but he was so far removed from me in theological and social thought and spirit that he was in a different world, and yet here is another letter from him just now overflowing with love and sympathy and wishing I was back making trouble for him just as of yore.

That letter is just an example, extreme it may be, but a real sample of the spirit of fellowship possible in the encircling and elastic restraints of our big Church.

Here is another letter from a big man, whom circumstances have thrown into close relations with another Church, and he has seen the great good in it, and the charm of its

ministerial personality, and he is saying why should not we two walk in the same path instead of in paths that are parallel? For years he has protested my blocking the way of unity and progress, but now he writes a fine, cordial, brotherly letter in which he more than intimates that in spite of my faults he loves me still, and thanks God that we are different and have a Church big enough to be different in without crowding each other out.

The letter from a sister minister comes next, and if I had my hat on I should take it off to her, for she is no imitation of a male parson, but a good minister of Jesus Christ with a record of achievement of which any could be proud. She has not lost her personality, and personally she has frankly told me that she hates me, all because I could not agree with her on some matters of church policy, but in her letter she seems to have forgotten the small items about which there are differences of opinion, and in the wide horizon of our faith feels the spirit of fellowship big enough to be effective in many ways.

One of our bravest and hardest working and most efficient ministers finds time, though

how he does it I do not know, to write me very frequently. He reminds me of Thackeray, who when he was traveling in this country used to write letters to his friend, James T. Fields. These letters might consist of four lines or four pages of foolscap! There might be half a dozen a day or none for two weeks. That is, he wrote as he would talk at the happen-meetings. So this busy minister writes of his doings and often of his failings. He never preaches to me, though oft he sends bits of his sermons preached to other people, and I find them good, and conscientiously steal their good ideas against the time when I am to preach again! Of course I can not answer all these letters, being limited as to what and how much I can do and how much help I can have in doing it. But I am grateful that I am still in his companionship, as in the days of old, and verily, he shall have his reward, for with God all things are possible!

Next a great big manly minister, worth far more than the two cents postage it cost to get him here. His letter is a hasty scrawl. I know he is on edge for the next duty. He

has been tested and not found wanting in the small country parish, in the big city church and in important official position. Integrity of thought, honesty of action and kindness of heart make him the noble man and successful minister. We have never quarreled because he is always on the right side—that is, my side! His letter is a tonic, but not in danger of the Volstead law.

Here is quite a long letter from the best man I have ever known. If I were to write his name hundreds of other ministers would shout, "That is so." But he is so modest I spare him. He has come near to reproducing the life of the Master. We have been friends for many years, but I know of many another minister who has never seen him receiving a message of good cheer from him to lift him from the valley of discouragement. His splendid letter, breathing the spirit of happiness and confidence right out of his heart of faith and love like that of the Master, is worth more than many eminent physicians or little imitations of Mrs. Eddy. If you want to know who he is just wait till you get to heaven and you will find him very near the

throne, unless he is out on an errand of mercy, which will be more than likely.

But here are enough illustrations of what I am thinking this morning, though I could and would like to go on and on through the long list of those who have wrought "writeousness" unto me, but I am reminded by one of the very best ministers of us all, one who has a wonderful vision of our Church made great in and for service, that we must conserve our white paper if we would send our message of good cheer to all the world. So I will think myself into conclusion for this morning, that I may think another day.

Here is the whole matter in a few words. We have a Church of the largest liberty in a practical working fellowship. We have need of these young progressives, who are like a Columbus of a new world of opportunity and obligation. We have need of the old mossbacks like me, who have eaten the meringue off and are down to the pie. We have need of the minister to the big red-blooded men who often do more talking than doing, and no less need of the minister to the dear old ladies of the sewing circle, who are the

efficient and loyal reserves, who not only come to the rescue with the munitions of war, but are the inspiration of the boys in the trenches, who have borne the Christian Church on their devoted shoulders for lo, these many centuries. It takes a big minister to preach to them, for they are wise to many things not printed in books.

We ministers are, or ought to be, like unto the earlier apostles of our Master, some great and some small, but all one in his spirit, and it may be that in the great sometime that is to be we shall discover the small are really the great and the great the small.

Some day, let us hope and pray, we may conserve all our forces, whether big or little, and have thus a ministry worthy of the high calling to which we are called.

Brethen, let us love one another, though one ride in a Pierce-Arrow, and another push a wheelbarrow; we are all headed in the same direction.

OPPORTUNITY

The new year upon which we are entering promises to be distinctive in the world's his-

tory; we shall probably see actual world-peace, or another world-war. The intensity of human feeling, never greater, can hardly fail to eventuate in something great, either great good or great evil. Wonderful events await the dweller in the year 1920. None need envy the excitement and activities of the times now far gone, for we shall have all we want of both before the year is out, and perhaps more than we want. And so we are thinking that the wisest word to be said regarding world-interests is self-control. When feelings run so high it is very easy to start a panic with all its direful consequences. And feelings are going to run high all through this coming year. The man who sees a little smoke and straightway cries "Fire," is pretty sure to be a murderer! We are so apt to think that where there is smoke there is fire; and there may be, but not always, and a very useful and beneficent fire can put forth smoke! The world has received much injury from would-be martyrs as it has good from real martyrs. This year will spell opportunity for many who could never win public attention under ordinary conditions, for they are going to yell

“Fire” on the slightest occasion, so that they can ride into view! The year is to be a very good time to exercise self-restraint, self-control, and above all, unselfishness. The get-rich-quick method will not work in the unfolding of life forces. We are in the region of natural law, and law, however kindly, is supreme.

THE CALL OF THE CHURCH

We must face the fact that to a great many people the church is no longer a necessity; they are sometimes willing to support it as an institution which is of value to the community, but the man—and woman too—is saying that he is living a life of integrity and purity and charity and that is all that can be asked of him for this world, and as for the next world, no one knows anything about it and it will be time enough to consider it when we get there!

Now what are we going to do? These men and women are good people, they really do not need the kind of treatment which the older churches used to administer; they are good

enough for the common every-day walks of life, shall we not let them alone? Then there are the multitudes who are not good, who are a distinct obstacle in the path of human progress. The church means nothing to them, and among the more or less wise uplifters it is said that all they need is education! Then there are the people in the churches, very good and absolutely harmless! But they have lost the old-fashioned sense of consecration, and even their interest is lukewarm. The old church has lost its grip.

Why not acknowledge it?

And yet when we study the real living churches which remain, which are genuinely thrilling with life and enterprise, and commanding the public attention, we have to confess that in almost every instance they are the churches which under a master mind are proclaiming the old evangelical message adapted in word and aim to present-day people and present-day conditions. They are preaching of heaven but it is not the one over there with its visions and dreams, it is the heaven which should be and is to be right here

in this world, and from which only can we catch a reassuring glimpse of that heaven which is to be. They are preaching hell, not the bloody or burning hell which Dante pictured, but the hell of injustice and greed and cruelty and inequality right here and now. And these great preachers who command the multitude are preaching as they do because they are preaching Christ and him crucified, and not the dogmatism of some dead theologians.

The old church with its old definitions will not work; why not face it? There is need of a church to-day which is not a "city of refuge" for scared souls, not a place to play for individual safety, but an opportunity for men and women to get together in the name and spirit of Christ and help one another, and to help the world. The church with a real call must say to the people, "Come in with us and we will give you a chance to do something worth while in uplifting humanity, we will give you a chance to get into partnership with God and help Him to make this world over into a real wholesome, and healthy, and happy, kingdom of heaven."

CHRISTIAN UNITY

The desire for unity and co-operation among the Christian forces is practically universal.

Dr. John R. Mott sounded a keynote to which the whole world needs to listen if we would make any real progress towards a Christian and a working unity. "This is the moment of moments," he said, "for us to find our unity, our spiritual solidarity, without sacrificing our diversity and that which is the most distinctive to each of our communions, and which, by the way, is the choicest possession we have."

He practically holds that to have unity we must have units to be united, and the more perfect the units the more perfect the unity. Men are as different religiously as they are physically or intellectually. Perhaps some day there will be a concentrated food tablet which will supply our physical needs, but those of us who have even a fair digestion are praying that it may not come. There is a faint, very faint, possibility that education may be standardized so that we can turn out men from

our schools as Mr. Ford turns out autos from his factory, but we are again praying that this may not come true. And yet there are those who are bewailing the differences in religion, when those differences are the open doors to all progress. The thought of Dr. Mott is that we are to strengthen and perfect our churches as units, and then relate them to each other, until the forces of Christianity which are to redeem the world are to be bent to efficient service.

It is pitiful to note how certain very conscientious, but really very selfish, people, having caught a vision of unity of Christian forces, immediately jump at the conclusion that the first thing to do is to "scrap" all the existing churches, and in their places will spring up the ideal and all-inclusive Church which will save the world. And they honestly think they are doing a great work when they begin the destruction it may be of their own church; they begin to pose as the martyrs they hope some time to be as the nearest road to glory for them, and cast the church in which they have not the ownership even of continued service, into the common lot! And they are surprised

when they make no impression upon the living world of religion. As well for them to go down to the shore and cast pebbles into the sea and expect to make a convulsion of nature.

The point of view of Dr. Mott and the other large visioned men is to strengthen the churches, as different sections of the mighty human force the churches should be, stop their fighting each other and give them a common objective, under leadership which will utilize all and omit none. That is, the whole objective of the modern religious leader is brotherhood, under the leadership of Jesus Christ. And none can have a monopoly of this objective, nor of this leadership.

A CHARACTER TRAINING SCHOOL

There was once a man, and not so very long ago either, who had been a generous supporter of the church, but because of local and personal conditions had weakened in his interest; he had not lost interest, he still did something for the cause he had so long sustained. He was asked on one occasion why his thought had been diverted, and he replied that he was a practical man, and the hospitals, where

things were done the good of which could be seen, appealed to him. When some poor fellow got a broken leg it seemed a good thing to patch it up, and set him on his way again.

But the questioner was also a practical man, and he raised this question: Which is more important, a broken leg or a broken moral character? A broken leg is a serious matter to the fellow that has it, and possibly to some dependent on him, and should receive prompt and careful attention, but a broken moral character, or, what is much the same, a stunted moral character, is the most immediate and far-reaching danger which threatens society. We need just here a new appraisalment of human disasters and the value of institutions in preventing and correcting evils.

A man with a broken leg is not necessarily a menace to the community, but a man with a broken moral character is the embodiment of real potential danger. And as we are questioning, is not the prevention and the cure of the latter quite as important and quite as practical as the former? The man with a broken leg may go in and out of a factory, or any place of gathering, and not impart to his

companions any evil, but the man with a fractured character can and will disorganize and demoralize the most perfect system, and bring about the wrecking of other lives.

The whole nation may indicate low standards by its neglect of physical disasters, and the reaction upon itself is so serious that too much can not be said in favor of institutions for the amelioration of physical misfortune. But the whole nation is not endangered by a thousand broken legs so much as by one stunted or broken character.

It is the testimony of a really great business man that the vast numbers of failures among the young seeking success in the world are due, not to physical and intellectual lack, but to moral lack; they can not trust themselves, nor be trusted by others; they halt along the way because of character deficiencies.

Now when we are talking of "the practical," which is the term to conjure with to-day, which is the more important, the hospital or the Church? If Christian character is the chief element in success in living, and the most deplorable social disasters come from undeveloped or injured characters, is there any-

thing more practical than to equip an institution which specializes in this particular field? And be it remembered that the Church is the only institution devoted to this specialty. Once the home gave elemental instruction, but no more; once the school in an indirect way at least suggested moral training, but no more. Only the Church is seriously dealing with the most important and practical department of human life.

And the Church in these later years has lapsed from its high calling, and, because of that, many "practical men" have lost interest. We need to emphasize to-day the practical worth of the Church in doing for society and humanity that which makes it supreme among all institutions for human betterment, by becoming a character nursery and a character hospital and a character training school.

CHRIST IN THE LIFE

Bishop Mouzon issues definitions which if taken seriously must of necessity change the religious thinking of the age. That is his purpose when he says: "Christianity is an

attempt to translate the teachings of Jesus into every-day life and practise. We are interested in theology only as theology serves to make God known. We are interested in ritual only as ritual brings us to God. We are interested in building up ecclesiasticism only as that ecclesiasticism serves to build up the Kingdom of God. By the Christianizing of America we mean the translation of the life and teachings of Jesus into the practise of the people of America. We mean the bringing to bear of the spirit of Jesus Christ upon all institutions in the life of America."

These definitions are significant. They are new. They change the whole direction of religious thinking. Once, and for long generations, all religion assumed as its purpose to placate God, and to make Him good natured so that, in the world to come, He would give us something we did not and could not deserve. Worship was addressed to God with the view of making a change in Him, who by His very nature could need no change. Worship was like a great searchlight sweeping the heavens if haply it might find God, but now its direction has been changed; it is swung

down to earth and is hunting the good man; it is no longer man's method of changing God, but God's method of improving man. And according to Bishop Mouzon, and to all liberated religious thinkers, the work of the Church is to "translate the teachings of Jesus into every-day life and practise."

This is the way, the only way, to meet the chiefest need of the world to-day. Militarism and money have wretchedly failed. Statesmanship and scholarship have proved themselves inadequate. Power and politics are futile in making the world fit to live in. The only man in all human history who knew how to live this life we are mostly making a mess of was Jesus of Nazareth, and the Church for the new age will be the one that translates the life and teachings of Jesus into every-day life and practise of men and nations.

THE NEW PATRIOTISM

Every sane thinker must recognize the debt we, of this generation, owe to those heroic fathers of revolutionary times who gave their

blood and treasure to secure the independence of this country; we should be ungrateful indeed if we did not applaud their patriotism. The only way for America to be born and to live was by their sacrifice. And there was no other way than their own way known at the time, and so they fought and won and other battles have been fought and won and lost since then, all in the name of patriotism.

And among the virtues of this, as well as of any, age, patriotism shines gloriously with undimmed luster. But there is a new patriotism, at least the promise of it. And this new patriotism has its source in righteousness of motive and method, instead of selfishness and distrust! It has its beginnings in the individual human heart, and ultimately comes to maturity and fruitage in the life of the nation. When, on Independence Day, we wave our flags, and fire our guns, and burn our fireworks, and listen to fervid oratory, we do well to honor the dead, if in doing so we do not forget the new obligations and responsibilities of the living.

We have to recognize that the age is sordid,

that we are not only in the hands of profiteers, but we ourselves are mostly guilty in big or small ways of profiteering, and while our lawmakers are industrious in making laws against the other fellow, our politics is all shot through with yellow streaks! Dr. Shutter some time ago pointed out a condition and not a theory when he said, "The watchword of the politicians used to be, the old flag and an appropriation, but now it is simply an appropriation, and the old flag is forgotten!" Perhaps this is an exaggeration, but it is justified by the prevailing spirit.

To-day citizens and corporations do not hesitate to make unjustifiable profits from government patronage, and to heap up uncountable wealth while other citizens starve, and yet they walk before us as distinguished citizens, and candidates for office and honor, because their fathers were patriots! It may be some of them have served in the ranks, it may be they have given spectacular service in uniform, but humanity is recognizing that the new patriotism is a matter of righteousness and Christian character, and that man who is taking advantage of his country which

he professes to serve for his own aggrandizement or profit, no matter whether he is president or policeman, is not a patriot. The man who is robbing his fellow citizens and waxing rich on their suffering, is not a patriot. These are slackers, these are traitors, no matter how they masquerade.

And this patriotism of the individual must extend to nations in all their international relations. There is no meaning here of the slackening of loyalty to native land and adopted country. Under the new patriotism nations will preserve their integrity and grow in grace and power, and the boundary lines will not be to shut others out, but to mark the place where each comes into contact and communion with others. There will be a world patriotism which will not destroy national patriotism, but make it efficient in human service.

THE GOOD HEART OF HUMANITY

Recently it is reported that a child was terribly burned, so that to preserve life skin grafting must be extensively employed. An

appeal for volunteers for the painful if not serious sacrifice was made. The child's parents were very poor, and living in a remote region; there was "nothing in it" for the donors, but they came, seventy-five of them—men from the fields and factories, women from the stores and offices, children from the schools, some richly dressed women in automobiles, soldiers from a near-by camp, a group of Boy Scouts, teachers, lawyers, mechanics and ministers, representing nearly every department of life, all eager to give something from their own life to the life of the little child. These seventy-five people represent the heart of a humanity which knows more of the truth of God than all the theological seminaries since the world began. And through these incidents is revealed the stimulating fact that human nature is fundamentally sound. In spite of the examples of besotted selfishness and inexcusable cruelty, the good of life outweighs the evil as the sunshine outmeasures the storm. It is the time for human faith and courage and confidence, for at heart this is a good world, with good people in it and a good God over it, and it is coming out right.

THE MADNESS OF WAR

We talk and dream of universal peace, meanwhile universal war saps the vitality and squanders the resources of the world. Do you think that means the old world of yesterday, or across the sea? No, it means our world of now, Boston, Chicago, the world of the Gloucester fisherman and the Iowa farmer.

Dr. E. B. Rosa, of the United States Bureau of Standards, is authority for the statement that out of the billions now being taken from the men, women, and children of the United States by taxation, ninety-three cents out of every dollar is spent for war.

Much of it is for wars past, some of it for wars present, hundreds of millions of it for wars to come. This year the United States is levying a tax of fifty dollars on every man, woman and child of the United States, and of that amount forty-six dollars and fifty cents is for war.

This is why, as some one said, "it was safer to be a soldier in the front line trenches than to be a baby born in America." This is why we have millions of illiterates, why delin-

quents throng upon us and defectives threaten the future of the race. Translate these billions into the toil of men and women and little children that went to produce them. Our resources are pitifully inadequate for the necessities of peace because they are so prodigally squandered on the madness of war.

DEMOCRACY

As never before have religious journals come to link up our American democracy with the ultimate triumph for which religion works. The *Christian Work* publishes an article from Epaphroditus Peck on the "Pilgrim's Conception of Democracy," in which he quotes from a sermon preached May 31, 1638, by the Rev. Thomas Hooker, which might be a forceful utterance to-day. On such food as that, of which the following is a part, fed our fathers more than a century before they wrote the Declaration of Independence.

"Text—Deut. 1-13: 'Take you wise-men and understanding and known among your tribes, and I will make them rulers over you.'

“1. The choice of public magistrates belongs unto the people by God’s own allowance.

“2. The privilege of election, which belongs to the people, therefore, must not be exercised according to their humors, but according to the blessed will of God.

“3. They who have power to appoint officers and magistrates, it is in their power, also, to set the bounds and limitations of the power and place unto which they call them.”

STONY GROUND

Looking over the edge of my porch yesterday, I discovered a treasure more worthful than gold and silver and precious stones. It has been there for some time, but I have not thought of looking into that dark corner for anything of interest. You see, where the end of the porch comes against the house, there is formed an angle where the juggernaut lawn mower can not reach, and, shut in by a sprawling night-blooming jasmine, I discovered growing among the rock and débris a common little daisy.

It was very common, so much so that I hardly recognized it, but it was a sure enough

wild daisy, not at all like the arrogant, tall and proud field daisy of more Northern lands, which is the delight of the common people who have been infected with a bit of the æsthetic, and the unmitigated curse of the farmer. It did not even suggest a marguerite and was many generations removed from the exquisite Shasta, but still a daisy. I leaned over to look at its crooked stalk and pinched, green-gray leaves, and right at the top, lifted by a short and crooked stem, was the flower, a foolish little thing not more than an inch in diameter, but yet flaunting its white petals and golden heart as bravely as ever a Shasta waved proudly in a Northern garden in a warm bed and tended by loving hands.

It seems very strange that anything could grow in that stony pile, but there it was, to work magic in my heart, and on its white wings to carry me far away to the Northland where acres and acres of daisy-bloom cover the fields.

I could not help thinking of a little old man who passes along our street every day or so. He is poor, as indicated by his clothes, bowed

with years or disease, but with a smile on his face for everybody. He is much pleasanter to meet than the proud man who swings by in his high-powered car, who knows and loves nobody and whom nobody knows and loves. That is, there was this dark corner by my porch without a promise of life or beauty, but one day God leaned down and smiled into it and—then there was a daisy. Among its fellows, even as my little old man a-creeping down the street, it has no standing, the Shasta daisy and even the field daisy looking down upon it or not seeing it at all, and yet that humble little daisy is the root of all the great ones, and every great, glaring, flaring man who boasts of his “success” has only to go back far enough to find relationship to the poor old man. Verily men and daisies are different, and yet they are all of two families, and some day we may yet find relationship between them.

There is not one of the biggest and best men of the world, who, if he goes back along his line far enough, will not find in family record the little, crooked stalk and the with-

ered and dwarfed flower. And so, whether we are thinking of daisies or humans, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

CHRISTIANIZING CHRISTIANITY

My good old friend and classmate, "A Memory," came again. He is always coming, and when he comes he is always talking; he is a garrulous chap, and my only chance is to get in ahead of him, so as he came up on the porch I began talking before I said good morning.

Recalling our conversation, I said: "When you were last here we talked about the progressive boys in the Divinity School who were going out to make Christians and not Universalists. I want to shatter the past with this glorious present. The past is gone. We are living in a new age when all things are new, but rooted in the old. I want to call attention to an existing condition and person, a sort of parable with real people in it.

"There is a man in this city who is a minister and none the less a man, who is the most in-

fluent force for good in the community. There is no movement for social righteousness he has not led, and the people take note when and where he leads, not only because of himself but because he has multiplied himself by a great army of thousands of followers. When he speaks it is with the voice of a multitude.

“Yet he is a minister. He is the pastor of a big Central Methodist Church. He came here only a few years ago, but to-day his church is the largest Protestant church in the city. It seats two thousand people and is crowded to the doors twice on Sundays. There are twenty-one other Methodist churches in the district, mostly swarms from this big parent church. The Methodists are an irresistible power, preserving and spreading Christianity.

“This minister made a significant observation when in conference with ministers of other names who were seeking church cooperation, and some there were who attacked ‘sectarianism’ and felt that they were too big to be confined to any one denomination. Like our school boys of old, they wanted to make

Christians. Then spoke up this biggest maker of Christians in the whole community, and paraphrased:

“ ‘Brethren,’ he said, ‘my ultimate purpose is to make Christians as the supreme need of the world to be supplied. My present purpose is to make Methodists as the only way in which I can make Christians. Other people have other ways adapted to their tastes and talents, and I say, God bless you, to them all, and will co-operate with them to the limit. But my way of making Christians is to make Methodists. I do not mean that all Christians must be Methodists, but I do mean that all Methodists I make will be Christians in the widest and most practical meaning of the word. The Methodist Church is my working plant. Here I have the building and equipment and the organized forces and the motive power.

“ ‘Now I am in hearty accord with every purpose to unite the forces of Christianity in the interest of greater efficiency, but I have noticed that those who are always trying to find a better and quicker way to do things are usually those who never do anything at all in

their own way. I have noticed that those who do things worth while are those who have a distinct and definite way of reaching that goal.

“ ‘People to-day want a positive message. They will not follow an ignis fatuus out into the swamp. Only the man who knows he knows it, and is not afraid or ashamed to proclaim it, has the elements of leadership. Those self-assumed leaders who are trying to ride every horse in the race and jumping from one to another thinking they can land on the leader, are riding to a fall.’

“I have listened to his preaching and there is nothing indefinite and shadowy about his message. He insists upon conversion. ‘Here,’ he says, ‘you men and women, you know you have been going wrong. You must turn around and go right, and now, to-day, is the time to do it. I want you to enlist in this branch of the army of the Lord, and to go in with your whole heart, ready not only to die for the cause but to live for it. If you can work and fight somewhere else better than here, then go there, and God bless you, but we are enlisting Methodist soldiers right here

and now, to make this earth fit for heaven, and this means work and sacrifice and suffering it may be. You can't substitute a lot of old theological dogmas for these things. I want you to be a Methodist, and put on the uniform so that the world will know where you stand in this great conflict to Christianize Christianity as a means of Christianizing the world.'

"He gets them to put on the uniform of the Methodist Church to do the bigger work. He does not make them Methodists just to be Methodists, but for efficiency in making Christians. Now, though I was born a Methodist, I was not drawn to that Church for my life work. I could not stand the official theology which I must either accept or secretly avoid. I wanted to be intellectually honest. I did not like its excess of emotionalism, but, like every one, I needed an organization in which and through which I could work.

"I wanted to stand up on my two feet, a free man religiously, and in the Universalist Church I found the liberty of mind and conscience where I could take the basic principles of the Church of my childhood and have in-

tellectual and moral self-respect. But I discovered that to be efficient I must work in and through an organization of those of like mind, or my work and theirs would be futile. Therefore I am out to make Universalists, as my way of making Christians."

AWAY AND BACK

I will give several thousand kreutzers as a reward to any one who will tell me where I have been, how I got there, and how I got back!

I had not been very "pert" on the voyage down, and my one desire when I struck my front porch in Miami was to get a bath and get to bed, to stay as long as I wanted to. I reached the bed and knew no more until several days later, when I opened my eyes and discovered a doctor and two nurses laboring furiously to keep me alive.

Brother ministers sent cordial greetings, and the Lord, not to be outdone, sent two brand-new babies to the same hospital, one arriving the same day that I did and the other two days later. And these I first envied, for

with my other afflictions I had totally lost my voice and could not speak above a whisper, and these new arrivals brought their voices with them, and on their daily visits to my room they challenged me to lift up my voice!

And after two months I was able to do it in a harsh if not melodious tone.

PELICANS AND PLUTOCRATS

Outside and over the ocean, there is a continual row of lumbering pelicans moving up and down the short flight between their nesting-place and their fishing ground. The pelican is about the homeliest and most ungainly creature that flies. He has no sense of humor, else he would die with laughter at the reflection of himself in the water! And yet he always reminds me of a type of man, very common to see, but uncommon to be.

The pelican starts out at a regular time in the morning to go to business, his business being to gather the big pouch under his long bill full of fish and take them home to the babies in the nest. The human type which he reminds one of is the big, pompous, prosperous

business man as he strides down Commonwealth Avenue or Fifth Avenue of a morning. Like the pelican he moves with slow and quiet grandeur, oblivious to everything about him. His pouch, full of good things to eat, is swung a bit lower than the pelican's and he does business only at the office, whereas the bird picks up business wherever he can. And one of the sights of the sea is to see this clumsy bird winging his way thirty to fifty feet above the waves with a most imperturbable manner, and then he suddenly hovers in mid air for an instant. Then his big bill is thrust downward and he follows, swift as an arrow and straight as a plummet, down beneath the surface, to rise an instant later with a good-sized fish which is chinked into the already full basket, and again he is on his imperturbable way. Except for the babies in the home nest, the pelican and the plutocrat belong to one family!

THESE FUNNY FOLK

The sea was so smooth it gave little promise of adventure; but the resources of a front

porch when camouflaged as a big steamer are inexhaustible. There were all sorts and conditions of men, women and children, the only difference being that some were more different than the rest of us. There was a group of players on board going South to entertain the idle poor and the busy rich. Some of this troupe never left off being actors—to them “all the world’s a stage” and the curtain is never rung down—and so one need but sit in his steamer chair and watch the heavy tragedian and the light comedian follow each other in quick succession, and ruthlessly shove the common people off the stage. As I watched I almost, but not quite, wished I was an actor, for then it would be so easy to possess and live up to all the virtues. This tragedian had a part, I learned, in which he fought single-handed a half dozen brutal bandits, and he waded in and smote them hip and thigh, also nose! He had absolutely not a thing to fear, because if any one really hit him, it would not only spoil his face—that was important—but it would queer the act, so the brave hero was brave unto the end, and then some, for he carried that face around with him until he got a

new part. He carried it all around the ship, and I thought how fine to have all the sensation of the heroic without a bit of risk. I saw his picture afterwards in the paper, and there was that frozen heroism on his face. He did not mingle much with the rest of us. I suppose he feared he might inadvertently get real rough and knock some of us overboard!

The low comedian was not quite so bad, except when he was worse, but he surely did give us joy when he surrendered his breakfast at the rail, and the leading lady stood by and in her best stage voice repeated, "Every day in every way I am getting better and better!" And the comedian fiercely shouted "Oh, you go below!" Only that was not what he said, but we'll let it go at that!

There was a book by Zane Grey which I grasped with delight, for it renewed my youth. He is what is called "a popular writer of the day." His name appears in nearly every periodical, always with his picture, until you begin to feel that his features are a fixed part of every wild-west landscape, and it gradually dawned upon me that here was a new style of autobiography, for a fierce battle with the

largest mountain trout ever caught, or with the most bloodthirsty mountain lion in the zoo, simply forms a dramatic setting for the persistent appearance of Zane! But I was captured by the volume, for I soon discovered that there was very slight difference between this sumptuous volume and the little paper covered books I used to read surreptitiously under the desk and behind the barn and get soundly thrashed therefor. The only difference that I see is that for the old-time novel I used to pay ten cents, while for the book of pictures of the author the charge was \$2. So far as gripping literature goes give me the same dime novel, where the author once in a while is considerably willing to get out of sight, whereas Zane can not give a picture of the sunset in the bad lands without having Zane always plastered against the foreground.

THE GAME GOES ON

The mocking-birds are here. When I come out on my front porch, there, balancing on the telephone wire, almost over my head, is another member of the dark gray feathered orchestra. It almost seems that he is waiting

for me, for hardly am I seated when he begins to turn his head sideways, and flirt his long tail every way, and chirp a few soft tones, while I look up and whistle, and then—if you never heard a bird laugh you have something to live for.

That bunch of gray and white feathers goes into convulsions of laughter at the presumptuous human for thinking he can sing, and the little bird flirts his long tail until he is like a moving picture of merriment. It throws back its head, opens its little beak and emits a gurgle of contralto song, until it feels it has adequately shamed the poor mortal, then it tumbles off its wire and literally on a ribbon of song it slides away down into a bunch of honeysuckle.

There is a great deal of human nature in birds. My mocking-bird has hardly plunged from sight in the shrubbery before another and smaller bird has taken his place on the telephone wire, and he represents a different type. Just to look at him it would appear that he is one of the most innocent of God's creatures, but to know him is to know in contrast the most cruel and baneful creature

in the bird kingdom. He is little, but oh, my! Jesse James was an angel of light beside him.

People call him the "butcher bird," and tell weird tales of his catching baby birds and impaling them on a thorn, and then feeding upon them at his leisure. I have not witnessed this gruesome process, but I have witnessed the wild excitement and fierce attacks of a flock of mocking-birds and cardinal birds and other peaceful members of the tribe upon this intruder, and I have to confess he is a glorious fighter, however bad his cause. When half a dozen of his enemies pounce upon him, he never retreats. He simply turns his head like lightning this way and that, so that his razor-like bill always faces the foe, until finally the whole flock which would destroy him retires, calling the battle a draw.

Those birds are very like us humans. As they sing after the battle they seem to be pleading for a world fit for democracy, and government only by the consent of the governed, singing of peace, universal disarmament and the cessation of all war, and that God hath made of one blood all birds that they

may dwell together. What a lot of self-satisfaction humans exhibit as they concentrate all their ideals in one of these phrases, which they do not believe a little bit.

Does any one suppose for a minute that the mocking-bird would last more than a generation if he consented to the government of the butcher bird? With all the wide bird-world big enough for all and offering food in abundance for all, can there be the first sign of democracy where two birds of different kinds want the same worm? And then where does the worm come in? Where are his rights, his place in the democracy? How are we going to persuade the mocking-bird to consent to disarmament as long as the butcher bird will not turn his sword into a pruning hook, without a miraculous exchange in position?

There is a big pelican flying low over Biscayne Bay, with the big pouch below his bill distended with fish. How are we going to get the fish to vote for universal disarmament of any of the finny tribe while the pelican scoops them from the surface of the sea? The cessation of war must begin back of laws.

The legislature can never be effective until the Church has opened the way and provided the right material.

It is a beautiful thought that God has made of one blood all the birds of the air that they might dwell together, but, in spite of its being Scripture, it is subject to qualifications. God has done better than that: He has made all kinds of blood, thick and thin, red and blue, and then given abundant room for all to develop in an infinite variety, and trouble comes only from the distorted internal disposition.

And in the world of man it is the same; there is room enough in the big world for all, there is sufficient to supply all our needs, as long as we mind our own business and do not want what belongs to the other fellow. Why should the butcher bird despoil the mocking-bird's nest of its young, when the world is full of big and little bugs for food? But then there is the question, what about the rights of the bugs? What right is there to destroy them without their consent? Would it not be a good idea to go a little slow when we seek to retreat behind some of those high-sounding phrases to escape personal respon-

sibility, and recognize that God made this world just about as He intended, and was pretty successful? In it are alternate life and death; life has its innings and is to make the best play it can, and then go out to take its place in the field while the game goes on.

OWNERSHIP

When we get a big piece of God's property, we boast ourselves. I came very near doing this very thing once right here on this spit of sand now known to the world as Miami Beach. Many years ago I was here, and, being asked to invest in city lots, I, with a vision which I did not myself appreciate, said if I had any money, which I did not have, I should take a boat and go over to the Beach and buy a lot of acres of the sand which was of no possible use then, except as the edge of a bathing beach. With a very small amount of money I could have bought all the acres I wanted, and more, and had I done so I should be in the millionaire class to-day, instead of writing pieces for the papers. But, thank the good Lord, I did not have the money, and so other people have all the worry

and responsibility of getting rich from Miami Beach real estate, and I can have a good time in this glorious good world. And I can take the time to see the earth and sea and sky.

Now this strip of sand which I did not buy is being tossed about from one to another, each one trying to get a little bit of gold out of it, and claiming it as his own. This so-called owner may happen along at any minute now, and with raucous voice drive me from the edge of the sea. And I shall laugh at him and say: "You mite of a minute, you insect of an instant, where did you get possession of the piece of this island you call your own? Do you not know that the Almighty through the help of His tiny coral workers has been thousands of years laying the foundation, and that His great sea has surfaced it with sand, and it will be here for thousands of years more, while you will probably be knocked to kingdom come by an ice wagon in the narrow streets of Miami, before you are an hour older?" And he will reply that I will get knocked to kingdom come right now, if I do not "git off'n his land." So I shall probably "git," but go on thinking!

WATCH THE WORLD GO BY

When William McKinley instituted the Front Porch campaign—if he did—he may have been politically right or wrong, we can leave that to the Farmers' Bloc of the Senate, but we of the common people know that he was psychologically right. If you want to know what is going on in the world stop running after the world and sit still, and the world will bring you everything you want, on a silver salver, which is polite political language for getting what you want without paying for it. The person who is in the procession does not see as much of the procession as the obscure individual who is sitting on the fence watching it go by. And here is a curious thing when you think of it, that none of those bedecked and bedizened marchers with their flamboyant banners and blatant band would make such an exhibition of himself were it not for the humble observer on the fence. He is probably from Missouri and wants to see, but they are from cultured regions, and want to be seen. Now this procession of men and events is marching round the world and marching

all the time, and if one sits still in any place, it is bound to pass him, whereas if he chases it he is like unto the little boys who follow the band wagon, he will get a lot of exercise but not much information as to what it is all about.

RICH AT LAST

At last I am rich! I always wanted to be, and expected it, but not so soon.

Many years ago, in the city of Philadelphia, I had a friend who was a partner in the largest jewelry store on Chestnut Street. I used to go in there as often as I could. I was not much of a customer, though once I did get a watch key, in the good old days when watches required keys, and it occurs to me now, after all these years, that we became so interested in our talk that I forgot to pay for it! But there were no hard feelings, and on one occasion, when there were few people about, my friend took from the safe a whole handful of unset gems, and I held them in my hands and let them run through my fingers. Think of it, thousands of dollars of sparkling and colorful beauty. Never had I seen anything so bewilderingly attractive. And I

wanted them, not for their money value, for I knew not what it was, but for their intrinsic beauty. As I looked at them, a liquid kaleidoscope, pulsing in the light, it was like opening a door into the Arabian Nights, and for a little time I was looking, not at the unset stones, but into fairyland, the fairyland of childhood where the unreal became real. And then and there I determined that when I became rich I was going to be possessed of all the unset gems I wanted. It was a safe enough proposition, for the chances of my becoming sufficiently rich were so remote as to locate them among the other futile dreams of childhood.

But here this morning I awoke to learn that the day and the hour had come and I was rich, and in possession of these wonder-gems in all their abundance. A heavy dew had fallen in the night, and as I took my seat on the front porch the morning sun came creeping through the tops of the pines and fell splashing all over the bedewed grass blades, and instantly turned each drop of water into a jewel of perfect purity. And there, after the years of dreaming, if not hoping, that

somewhere in the world I should find again those treasures of living gems, behold, they were scattered all over my front lawn.

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

A visit from an old friend is always a delightful experience, and especially when the old friend is from an old home.

Which is the why of my cordial greeting of an old and dear friend, as I sat on my Front Porch. I heard him knocking in a most persistent manner, which seemed strange out there in the open, but I called to him to come in. I got no response save more knocking, and then I began to look around, for I seemed to recognize that knock. Presently I located him in the top of a big pine tree which, like some people I know, had died at the top! I was greatly surprised to see him, for with a very few exceptions I had seen none of his kith and kin here in Florida. In an open space between the houses I had earlier in the season seen two of his relatives hustling round the palmettos until, startled, they swooped away to a distant tree. And once or twice since I had noted the peculiar progress through the

air which revealed my friend. But here at last he had come to call on me, and was knocking at my big out-of-doors.

He was a handsome fellow in spite of his rather bizarre dress, which includes in its coloring slate color, brown, crimson, and black, all on a base of pure gold. All these colors nature has arranged to fit this particular individual with entire harmony, but no one else could possibly wear them. That bright red cap and shining black bib and the yellow body would be altogether too conspicuous for good society, but my friend is to the manner born. He has so many names that he at once excites the suspicion of the minions of the law! In some parts of the country, where I came from for example, he is known as the "Flicker," elsewhere he is the "Golden-winged Woodpecker," or the "Yellow Hammer," or the "Yellow-shaft Flicker," or the "Highhole." He does not mind what you call him if you keep away from him, for he is a shy creature. He likes tall trees which are dead at the top, for there he goes to excavate the place for his nest, which is the occasion of the name Highhole.

When I saw him at the top of the dead pine I recognized him at once as an old friend who for years had made a nest in a scraggly old apple-tree which held a place in my front yard long after its fruitfulness had departed, by its appeal to art, and its appeal to the Flicker. The Flickers in my New England dooryard were a faithful pair, and became my friends, as I watched them excavate that old apple limb, until they could both plunge in out of sight. And when later the eggs were laid and the mother bird was sitting, there are few pictures more delightful than to watch her as she put her head out of the circular door and looked around upon the passing life, with the father bird standing guard or bringing food for the family. And all the time never but once did I have to stop a boy from throwing a stone at that pretty head. The children in the near-by school came to know my Flickers, and we all came to love them for their beauty and utility.

I did not know that they came so far south, but when I heard that wondrous knocking I knew my friend was here. There are those

crass people who will insist that this one is not my friend but just another of the kind. But I grow more and more discouraged over the lack of imagination in this carnal age, for we are missing all the best things of life. I guess I know my own Flicker; who could mistake that coat of many colors, and that peculiar flight which puts to shame the stunts of the aviators? I know this is my own old friend from the old home, and as he is knocking his way into the ancient tree over across the way, he is knocking away the distances, and I am sitting on the grass under that old apple-tree and watching the Flicker as he climbs up and around the tree. And just over the hedge there are men and women, and boys and girls, the same ones who used to go past years and years ago, and they smile across the hedge, and throw over a few words of good cheer, and I people the old house with those I have loved, whom I love still—all brought back by the coming of this old friend in his gaudy raiment. He is only a bird, perhaps a bird of passage, but in a moment he has rebuilt a home sixteen hundred miles

away, and, knocking, the door has been opened to memories, and old associations, and old friends.

GOD IN "NACHURE"

One can worship God on a front porch, or anywhere on the face of the earth, if he really wants to and knows how. But to go to church he must go somewhere, and at some time, and to some particular place. Take the average group of "sitters" upon the porch or on the lap of mother earth anywhere, and you will find that the great majority are suffering from vacuity or confusion of the mind concerning these things. I overheard a self-satisfied and bumptious human loudly proclaiming that he was not going to church, he did not need to, as he could best worship God through "nachure," "nachure's God was good enough for him." And after he had finished his Sunday paper, and taken a long auto ride, and eaten a big dinner, and enjoyed a bath over at the beach, and finished the latest novel, and gossiped with "the other fellows" over the latest sporting events, he intended to sit on the porch and worship God in "nachure,"

but it was pretty late and he went to bed!

Of all the fool notions that ever lodged in the brain of man or woman, this delusion and illusion of the mortal mind with which they deceive themselves, but no one else, is supreme. As well might they say, I get my music at first hand from "nachure," thereby simply revealing the fact that they do not know the difference between the song of the mosquito and a noble selection by Pryor's band! They would get their education from "nachure" rather than from well organized schools; they would get their bodily supplies from "nachure" instead of *via* controlled steam and electric cars. That is, in the language of the vain world, they are plain, every-day tramps, hoboos, weary-willies, disguised in good clothes, usually bought with money some one else earned.

Now it is possible to worship God on a front porch; or down by the sea where the ocean sings its majestic anthem; or where the arching palm shields you from the sun; or on the boat which bears you over the opaline waters of the Bay—I say it is possible to worship God in any place, but as a matter of fact

we don't do it. Worship of God is not anywhere but somewhere, not any time but some time, not any place but some place. We spend a day with "nature," and never think of God from the rising of the sun until the going down of the moon! Why should we not have the manhood or the womanhood to be honest? Why can we not be big enough to tell the truth in the language of living? If we are too lazy, or too ignorant, or too self-satisfied, to worship God, let us say so and live up to it to the limit, not go through life proclaiming our fictitious independence, or camouflaging our cowardice, and then, when shadows of human sorrow gather round us, rush with unseemly haste to the minister to borrow his umbrella!

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

When I was a small boy my parents took me and some other interested parties in the big farm wagon, and drove to the large training camp for the Union Army which was situated on a big plateau near the banks of the Genesee river, in New York State. We had friends and relatives among the young

soldiers, and this visit was to bid them good-by, for they were about to go to the front. I can never forget the splendor of that scene. I do not think I had ever seen so many people together, and of soldiers the occasional call of some boy in blue on a brief furlough had been the limit of my experience. But here were regiments, uniformed, equipped and disciplined into a perfect human fighting machine, officers in their gaudy epaulettes which were the military fashion of the day; the bands were playing, the flags were flying; tears and laughter, cheers and prayers, followed the boys in blue as they marched away to lay down their lives, if need be, for their country. Among that great host I think I saw only one distinctly, a lieutenant, a favorite uncle, whom I loved and admired, and I believe for days and months and years I followed him in my dreams.

At this same time down in the Southland a like scene was being enacted, as the flower of the Southern youth and chivalry gathered in their training camps, and many a fond parent, brother, sister, friend and sweetheart came up out of the long valleys, and down from

the high mountains, in their farm wagons, and were thrilled with the sight of a mighty army in gray, with bands playing and another flag flying, and under the spur of uniformed officers, and the call of the heart's patriotism, these young recruits sprang eagerly to their places, and amid tears and laughter, cheers and prayers, marched away to lay down their lives, if need be, for their country, and every one in the great multitude picked out a son or brother or lover as his contribution to the patriotic cause.

Here is a strange, a marvelous thing—these two great armies of the youth of the North and the youth of the South of a common land, going out under different flags to fight each other to the death! Under different flags, and yet for the same thing! There were great moral and political principles involved, which in those days could not be reconciled, but the hearts of those two armies were beating for the same things—patriotism for their own country which sheltered their homes and loved ones. The ideals of both were clear-cut and commanding. According to the light which shone around them, each was fighting for truth.

Thus far had I written when an old man wearing a Grand Army of the Republic button came slowly up the walk to my porch, walking with a cane and with apparent effort, and I recognized in him the young Lieutenant of that training camp on the Genesee, and gave him eager welcome to my special chair. I addressed him no longer as Lieutenant, but as Major. He was hardly seated when another old man, wearing the insignia of the Confederacy, came from another direction and came up on my porch, and he turned out to be one of the boys in gray back in that Southern training camp. I introduced the "Colonel" and the "Major" and immediately they plunged into reminiscences of the war. And of course I listened in! And those two old men were the two sections of our country personified. Both had fought and fought well for what they believed to be right. One was on the victor's side, one was on the losing side, but they were both on their common country's side. There was no gloating, no recrimination; they had fought fairly and hard with equal sincerity. The incident was closed, and they were friends.

They discovered that they had fought in many battles on opposite sides, and the delight in which they revived their experiences was a delight to the listener. They tried to locate certain central points in a battle scheme as seen from the opposite sides, accepting victory or defeat without animosity.

And then the Colonel said: "Major, you were at Chickamauga I am sure, and you must remember that tight clump of trees over near the western edge of the field. There were lots of trees there, but hardly enough for the officers! But this clump was just at one of the turning points of the big scrap, and I was in it with a squad of my men, and as the blue coats came up to the road, we poured our shot into the thick of you, but you were game and kept on coming. There was one company of great shooters, and they got a number of my men, and I saw the time had come for us to go while the going was good, but before going I picked up a rifle and dropped the captain in his tracks. But I did not get away; they took us all prisoners, and I missed a good deal, for there is a heap more fun at the

front than in the pen. Do you remember that day, Major?"

"Remember it," shouted the Major as he got on his feet, "remember it, why, I was the captain of that company, and, you old Reb, I believe you are the fellow who put this bullet in my leg. Shake!"

And the Colonel, coming to his feet, cried out, "You old Yank, I hope so! Put it there!" and these two old warriors not only shook hands, but embraced, and their mouths were filled with laughter and their eyes were filled with tears, and the tears streamed down their faces. I could see there was no need of a referee, so I fled to my study to meditate on the historic fact that the differences and misunderstandings of the past are over, and the whole country is going forward to the far more glorious victories of the Peace under the one flag of the undying glory.

RICH AND POOR

I have a friend who sometimes visits me on my Front Porch. He is rich and getting richer all the time. He is not to blame for

this, he can not help it; his dollars sit up all night working for him! All he has to do is sit by and calculate what he has left after the income tax is paid, and to fend off interested friends, and to find, if he can, some even poor excuse for being so disgracefully rich. It all came from a foolish little thing, people said, but it turned out that many foolish and some wise people wanted the foolish thing, and straightway it began grinding out money, and nobody could stop it, and after all these years that foolish little thing has made him "rich beyond the dreams of avarice." And now he is suffering from a plethora of dollars, and thousands of people are eager to prescribe a cure, and show him how to be relieved of his wealth. I am one! But I have noticed that successful people become very conservative about accepting advice, and so they go on and on getting richer and richer, until along comes a little piece of ptomaine lobster advising them to quit, and quit they do, and they stay dead a long, long time!

Now I would not give my Porch for all the riches of the world, for riches are so impotent for the owners or users. They can buy things

and buy things, but they can not buy life; they crave liberty, yet weave the chains of captivity to business and to convention; they overload themselves with the things they would save, even as the big Turk, going home from a successful wrestling tour, strapped his winnings about his waist, and when disaster came to the ship he was carried down by the weight of his gold, while the poor returning emigrant with nothing floated to safety.

Here I am with never a care for the income tax man, for he has nothing on me except a small penalty because I did not report that I had nothing to report. I have my Porch as Diogenes had his tub, and Thoreau had his cabin. It is a portable porch, going wherever and whenever I wish, and in any form I may desire, taking with me such friends as are congenial, and pitching overboard any I do not want. The only people who are really poor in this world are those without imagination. But I have discovered that to be over-rich in imagination is quite as bad as to be over-rich in hard cash; it destroys its own function. So I have ballasted my Porch with just enough of common sense, and a cer-

tain adaptability which fits all conditions, so if I can not get lobster I can enjoy crab; and if I can not wear the most elaborate and stylish clothes, I go South where I do not need any.

"JUST SITTING 'ROUND"

The most popular industry in this city of Miami, even as in all winter or summer resorts, is just sitting 'round. The multitudes engaged in it have their places of non-activity on the porches or in the park. There seems to be something in the way of justification in the park, where we are expecting the music soon to begin, or there is a tournament of international horseshoe pitching in progress, but mostly we sit 'round and look, hoping something will happen sometime to look at. But the front porch is the place where this industry reaches its highest efficiency. In the first place the chairs are much more comfortable than the park benches, and they are usually rocking chairs, and there is something about the American rocker that is soothing to the body, mind and conscience. Its swaying motion gives a distant sense of doing some-

thing without exhaustive effort; it is not unlike chewing gum, so I am told by the dissipated young lady who indulges outside the sacred privacy of her own room—you make your jaws go without any plethora of nourishment! And on the porch these chairs are usually found in couples or groups, and when the industry is running full force it puts forth as its product an unbroken stream of talk, which being analyzed reveals the fact that our minds are “just sittin’ ’round” as well as our bodies. This is all written not in criticism, but in confession; there are few if any who are not guilty. It is perfectly natural that the mind should need and take a vacation occasionally, but with the development of these marvelous winter refuges where there is no winter, covering a period in these later days of nearly six months, and the allurements of the northern summer resorts covering the other six months, it is now possible to sit ’round the whole year through, provided of course we have the price, which price is still infected with the high cost of living, aggravated by the cost of high living in all these places, South or North.

A sitter told me yesterday that he had just

enjoyed the best day since he came, all because he had been given something to do! He did an errand for a neighbor which took him most of the day and burned up some of his gasoline, but he had the best time ever because he had something to do. You see, he had got away from the primitive habit of being of some use in the world! But most of us practise the conventional program of getting up in the morning, if we feel like it, dressing according to the weather prognostications, going down or out or getting our own breakfast, and then making a break for the front porch, there to discuss seriously whether it will be as hot to-day as it was yesterday, or the possibility of rain or a cold snap, or to read or hear read from letters that it was twenty below in some places in the North, and to thank heaven we are not as other people, we can revel in the sun. We were well described by a truthful old fellow who lived somewhere where they still tell the truth: Being asked as to the occupation of his fellow citizens he said, "Well, sometimes we set and think, but mostly we just set!"

Yes, we are a queer lot, we sitters 'round—

elementally good, some of us so good we are soft. But sometime, somehow and somewhere some one must put a soul into these thousands who are spending but not creating, until we all see that we have no right in any community, for a long or short stay, unless for all we get we give in return something of value. Then only are we to get, for the law of nature and the law of God is that only through service of some kind are we to be served.

A PARABLE

When a man believes anything I like to see him stand up for that. I do not believe a better thing could be done to and for the Christian Church than to institute a campaign of real old-fashioned honesty, when every man shall speak truth to his neighbor, and not go round hedging! But there are positions about which there may be a diversity of opinion, and there may be truth on both sides, and the whole truth can only be secured in the aggregate. There are cases where the primary truth, that which is useful, is masked or handicapped by the non-essential.

I once wrote a little parable to this effect;

Two men were traveling through a deep valley and presently became lost in the thick tangle of underbrush and were in sore danger, not being able to determine their way. When despairing of being saved, they looked up on the side of the mountain, and there, half-way to the top, stood a man, who, because of his elevated position, could overlook the whole situation, and he called to them and pointed the way that would lead them to home and safety. But the men, instead of following his directions, fell to quarreling as to how he got there; one said he came down from the top, and the other that he came up from the bottom, and they quarreled on until they starved to death. This is not unlike the religious situation: Here are we mortals lost amid the mysteries of life, while there upon the heights stands the glorious Christ, pointing the way which will lead humanity to happiness, and home and heaven; but instead of our following his directions we, through our churches, are quarreling as to how he got there; some insisting that he came down from heaven, others that he came up from earth; when the one regal fact is that he is there on the heights

and that by virtue of his position he can point out to us our way.

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING-BIRD

Who could talk church business or any other kind of business, when just over there, not two rods away, is a most voluble mocking-bird challenging you to sit up and take notice? Of all the jolly, care-free, hilarious and in-extinguishably happy creatures of earth and air, there is none like the mocking-bird. He was here in moderation when we came last November, and then he disappeared for several months. Where he went nobody knows; he could not go South for we are the South, and we know he had too much sense to risk getting the "flu" in his beautiful throat by venturing into the region of frozen toes and warm hearts. Anyway he disappeared, and now he has come again and appears on our stage as a combination of Charlie Chaplin and Caruso. The mocking-bird is the apostle of the unexpected in action and vocal acrobatics. Sometimes one sits on the roof of a seven-story building opposite our front door. He sits there quietly save for the saucy flirt of

his tail, chirping a few simple little notes with his rich contralto voice, and then without any warning he dives from his perch with absolute abandon, and it seems that he is bent on suicide, but just before he reaches the ground he grabs a passing moth, and soars up to the height again, and pours forth a laughing, gurgling, torrent of melody. But it should be noted in parenthesis that the moth never said a word! The downward plunge of this winged acrobat is startling, but in another minute he plunges upward, an upward flash of lightning, gathers in another unfortunate moth, and literally tumbles back and forth. He is a sociable creature, he seems to like humans if they let him alone, and will come very close and respond to a very imperfect whistling bird call. He seems the very personification of the irresponsible in life; mentally he is on a plane with the Southern negro, who thinks not beyond to-day, and is happy and contented beyond the rest of mankind. And yet, to do him justice, he is a real economic factor; he draws a bigger congregation and a better satisfied congregation than most of the ministers, and sometimes I think he

does the people more good. And he is singing and catching bugs all the time to cheer and help his mate over there in the nest to help repopulate bird-land which ruthless man has Prussianized. He has very strange taste. With all the magnificent estates which the multi-millionaires have developed here, it would seem that he would choose what we have been taught to call beautiful surroundings, but this erratic genius appears to take delight in swarming to the trees in the cemetery and scraggly palms in the "Colored Section," and there stages his very best concert. I have noticed the flowers also have very little regard for our social distinctions and conventions, and a tangle of glorious bloom seems to be quite as happy running wild and free over a negro cabin as when trained and tied to an elaborate trellis which forms one side of a marble portico. How hard creature life tries to be simple and democratic in this artificial and autocratic world! Some day we are going to learn some things from the people and things we presume to teach. Meanwhile, "Listen to the mocking-bird," and get wisdom, and get understanding.

THE TEMPTATION OF EVE

I always had a good deal of sympathy with Eve when she was tempted by an apple, and it was with a distinct sense of disappointment that I found in an antiquarian collection a painting by one of the old masters which revealed the fact, in his mind at least, that it was not an apple but a fig which brought about the downfall of our distant if not altogether respected parents. Now a fig is very good when properly preserved, even in its raw state, but as a tempting thing of beauty Eve must have been a very weak sister to have been led away by it. But an apple, shining with rich color, symmetrical as the full moon and luscious with the flavor of nectar, would get Mrs. Anchorite. And here we are in the midst of New England's best, and that is better than anywhere else in the world. They are not mighty pumpkins for size filled with fibrous punk with a dash of cider for flavor; they are medium size and symmetrical, and firm yet melting.

The scholars and theologians have labored through the ages to locate the original Garden

of Eden, and have placed it on the equator and at the North Pole with convincing arguments, but I stand poised on the apple, as victory poised on the globe, and I maintain that if Eve was tempted by an apple, and nothing else could so tempt her, then the scene of the ancient tragedy in Eden was here in Puritan New England, and I think it took place right under the Macintosh Red tree which still tempts me, and I have noted that the boys are likewise tempted, and likewise fall.

THE HOMING INSTINCT

Way up in a shadowy corner of my porch an enterprising spider has built his house. Now I do not like spiders. There is nothing cozy and caressable about them; they seem some time in past ages to have escaped from an antediluvian aquarium where all sorts of queer things mark the beginnings of life. How they ever became terrestrial I do not know. Their feet are not adapted to modern pavements, and so they string aërial wires here and there and everywhere, over which they scoot or shoot or glide with uncanny

swiftness, putting to shame Mlle. Blondena the tightrope walker! I do not like spiders as a class, but this fellow interests me. He has some claims to beauty; his coloring is rather bizarre and his frequent legs make an appropriate fringe about his corpulent body. But real art is displayed in his motions. He sits up there snugly ensconced in his circular homestead, peeking over the edge, whence his radiating wires spread in every direction, and all electrified. When a small insect touches one of them, it matters not where, the flash of lightning is not quicker than the dash of that spider with his sharp pointed toes, over the delicate film, to where he seizes his victim and ties it up more intricately than a theological argument can paralyze an average human when he is sleepy, and then by a series of tackle and pulley arrangement the spider from his own front porch gradually lifts his victim up and deposits him in the refrigerator. That is all artistic and greatly to be admired, but still I do not like him, but just recognize him as an exponent of Kaiser Wilhelm's code, that might is right. Another phase is developed as I watch the beastie.

After dinner he goes out on what should be his front lawn to enjoy his siesta, and just then the maid comes along and with her broom stirs up a cyclone of disaster. Here is something altogether too big for the spider's experience, and he flees in frantic haste to the top of the pillar and plunges into his home, where he immediately sticks his head out, and with sparkling eyes and defiant manner, seems to proclaim, "Now what are you going to do about it? This is my home," and there confidence is restored.

Now there is a great deal of human nature in spiders as well as some spider nature in some humans. The homing instinct holds true all the way up or down from the human to the oyster. Watch the little boy with a hurt finger, how he sprints for home. Watch the big man with a ridiculous cup he has won in golf; he cuts the air to show the kiddies what a big man he is. Watch the man with a bit of indigestion; hospitals are nothing to him, he wants home. Watch the returned traveler, who has been around the world and has trunks filled with gay raiment besides that which he wears; he dashes into the house

and throws aside his gaudy apparel, catches his old coat from the closet and his old hat from the hook and throws himself into the big rocker on the back porch, and, if his wife is not looking, puts his feet upon the rail, singing to himself, "This is the life."

THE FOOLISHNESS OF PESSIMISM

There was a man on a ship who knew everything—at least he assumed he did—and he was a pessimist. He thought we might arrive safely, but he had his doubts, and as for the world, especially for America, he was sure we were headed for the demnition bow-wows, and he had figured it out that within a month the great overturning of everything social, commercial and political was going to begin in New York City and would spread throughout the world. Now this month is almost up and, so far as we can learn at this distance, New York is still on the map, and has passed through an election and has reformed itself in the same old way, and the riots, murders and sudden death are indefinitely postponed! The only sufferer so far is the discredited prophet! I sat and listened as he poured

forth his tale of woe, and then I said, "Did you ever see a more glorious bit of moonshine than is making that silver track across the sea and falling across this ship?" And he left me in disgust as a frivolous and foolish and feeble-minded back-number!

But there was more wisdom in the waves lapping against the side of the ship, and the moonlight picking up the islands one after another, and showing the palm trees in silhouette, and opening the door of our imagination to the beauties that are and the joys that are to be, than in all his mouthings about that of which he knew nothing, and about which we cared less. If there is going to be a cataclysm, it will not be stopped by any flood of words which ever issued from the mouth of the man with a bug!

BENEDICTION ¹

Behold, there came unto me a yellow scrap of paper bearing a message from the General

¹ This study reached the office shortly before the telegram that told us it would be the last. With it came a characteristic note full of generous appreciation for the work of his junior associates, of eager plans for his own future work and of loyal affection for his fellow workers on the *Leader*.

Convention in session assembled, and it spake unto me the gracious greetings of my brothers and sisters in the Church we all delight to serve. And I was made glad.

There is a strange, a compelling, almost a weird magic in a telegram, it has right of way through the most pressing of social and business duties. It may bring the saddest of words or those which make glad the heart. It catches the traveler far from home and thrills with joy and gladness. It comes to the home from the distant land with assurance of safety and love. It connects the loose strands of life, which have been raveled by various experiences, and we are pulled back into the atmosphere of home, which is elemental to all human and social relations. The restraints of time and distance and human infirmities are all broken, and we are conquerors of the elements.

I do not suppose any of the voters in the Convention thought of what this miracle-working scrap of yellow paper would do to me, but it did it all the same! It brought to my eyes the tears which physical pain and mental problems could never force, and more, it was

immediately transformed into the magic carpet on which I traveled from my Front Porch to Providence, R. I. Though you did not see me, I sat well down in front in the church all through the Convention, and when the speakers or the routine became dull I looked around to see the old and familiar faces of those with whom I have foregathered for lo, these many years. Unless you have been through my experience you can hardly know what significance there was crowded into those precious hours. Remember that for over forty years I have not missed attending a session of our General Convention, and a Convention reduced to its lowest terms is nothing but people, and I like people, big and little, rich and poor, wise and foolish, especially the foolish, for they are so often wiser than the wise and much pleasanter to get along with!

Now, in the midst of a great modern Convention of our Church I am impressed with its difference from all that has gone before. The objectives and methods are all different, and especially the people. As I look over this congregation, I see hardly a single face—

either minister or layman—which was present at the first Convention I attended forty years or more ago, at Peoria, Illinois. It seems to me that the great body of delegates then present were older than the delegates at Providence. This may be because I was so much younger then and the people looked older to me, but I am impressed with the notion that our church constituency of to-day is made up of younger people than it was something over a generation ago. In those days our Church was on the defensive, while in recent years it has taken up the aggressive and challenged the attention and support of the brawn and brain of youth.

But those were great days. I remember with joy that there were giants struggling for giant principles. Perhaps we are just as smart to-day and just as consecrated, but we do not take the things of religion quite so seriously, certainly not in the same way. Those were the days of the great struggle over the revision of our Winchester profession of faith, and it called forth a wonderful debate between those who wanted change in the interest of progress and those who honestly

felt that to touch that old profession was to put a knife into the heart of the cause of Universalism.

I remember I made my first speech before the session, and being immature and not knowing the ropes, I exceeded the time limit and was called down before I said more than a half of what I wanted to say. I can not remember now the point I wanted to make, aside from the glory of speaking before our General Convention! I had a substitute for the Winchester profession—such is the presumption of youth—and I did get far enough to catch the attention of the greatest fighter of them all, Dr. A. A. Miner. After the Convention, he honored me by writing me a letter, in which he said he “could not understand why those who were opposed to the Winchester profession, having been outvoted, should not accept the verdict and stop fighting.” I remember my reply in which I said “it was strange that such a message should come from the premier temperance leader, who had been overwhelmed with votes again and again and yet always came up fighting,” which ended the correspondence. I have

often wished the good and wise old Doctor could have lived to see the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment and the realization of his vision of national prohibition. I can fancy how the old war-horse would have been in the forefront of the battle for enforcement if he were living to-day.

The creedal battle covered more than a decade. Conventions met and performed their routine duties in a more or less perfunctory way, but the real interest was the creed. At last in Chicago and Boston a compromise was effected. The Convention adopted the five principles under which we have since been living and working in harmony. Now, here we are, in 1923, accepting an "interpretation" with scarcely a ripple of opposition.

This yellow scrap of paper is working wonders, as it not only carries me to Providence, where I see so many old friends, but is carrying me into the heavenly life where I meet those who have gone over the river, as well as those who are going. Those over there and those who have taken their places here make up a glorious company, strong in their sympathy, which sent such gracious messages

to me and to others who are prevented from being present by illness. Among them are those who are strong in their wise devotion to our Church, who are large-minded enough to see the good all about them and to line up with the progressive movements of the world, and keep in the front line of the advance.

As I listened to the addresses, both the formal and the spontaneous, it seemed to me that the young fellows of to-day measured up very well with the more mature speakers of the past. I noted that the divine sense of humor which came to a climax in the speech of one of our Southern ministers, while different in form, was of the same keen and genial type as in the one by Dr. Lang, which swept the Peoria Convention into the realm of joy, and that of old Dr. Emerson, which convulsed the whole session in Akron, O. In the long list of meetings there has always appeared the saving grace of fun, which has served to keep our heads level and our hearts warm.

I noted also among the really great addresses, which the many appraised among the highest, that of our divine farmer-parson from New Hampshire, who has returned to the

apostolic function of doing his work and getting rich cheerfully on nothing a year, while the rest of us on living salaries are whining, not for more work but for more money.

I noted in the things done that we are no longer afraid of big things. If the great drive did nothing else for us, it bucked up our courage to face whatever came for us to do, because it indicated that we had forgotten that we are small people and turned our thought to the fact that we have the most glorious and biggest faith ever won by man. We are ready not only to talk about it but to put it to work in every department of life. We are going to try it out and show that it is fundamental to all fundamentals. We are not afraid that it will cost too much. We know it is worth all it costs and are going to put up the working capital necessary and do it in the normal way. We want and must have more ministers, not only for the big city churches, but for the smallest communities—all kinds of ministers except bad ones; all who are constructive along any of the many lines of Christian service, but none who are destructive first for the

sake of destroying, and second for the sake of advertising themselves!

More than all I noted the fine spirit of fellowship which prevailed. Men brought their visions with fire in their hearts and won indorsement. Others brought vision with fire in their hearts and they were defeated, but both accepted the verdicts in good part and the Universalist Church grew and grew until it was big enough to hold us all, each being helpful in his way, thus realizing the universal spirit of our faith.

All these things came to me, fifteen hundred miles distant, on the wings of this yellow scrap of paper, bearing in graceful phrase the greetings of the friends of the Universalist Church and therefore mine. Those greetings came as the sunshine through the palms to brighten this corner where I am—though it is never long in the shadow. Sometimes I long to get into the game again, but I know the players now in the game are as talented and as faithful as those who have left the field permanently, or those retired to the sidelines to wait whatever call may come.

THE END



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